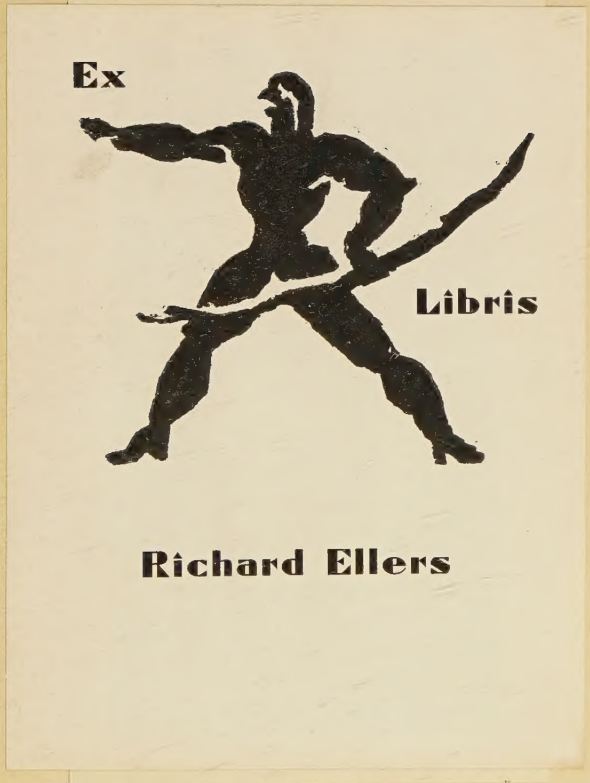
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A HANDBOOK OF ORAL READING

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PREFACE

THE aim of this *Handbook* is to present, in as concise form as clearness permits, the principles of natural expressive reading aloud. The book is the outgrowth of several years of classroom instruction and practice based on the theory that effective oral expression is the result of clear thinking; that the principles underlying conversation, the most natural and unpremeditated form of speech, apply with equal force to the voicing of the thought of the printed page; and that the ability to read and speak with clearness and force comes, not from a knowledge of rules of speech, but with the education of mind, imagination, and emotions, and the devotion of one's best mental and spiritual energies to the task of communicating thought to other minds.

The text differs from others chiefly in method of treatment. Technical vocal exercises, and comment on enunciation and pronunciation, instead of being put at the beginning of the book are put at the end, on the ground that expression is concerned primarily with ideas. If technical drill is given a prominent place in oral instruction, especially at the outset, the student is pretty sure to assume that the whole problem of expression is a matter of mere mechanical expertness in the use of voice, tongue, and lips. But natural and spontaneous expression is not secured in this way, as the artificialities of elocution of the past have demonstrated. The accurate utterance of words is largely a matter of imitation and mechanical skill, but, like correctness in spelling, the accomplishment is incidental to the expression of thought.

This book will not be found dogmatic in the matter of

technic of vocal expression. I have endeavored throughout to demonstrate that effective speech is not gained by imposing rules upon utterance, but by allowing the mind to express itself freely and normally through tone. In the majority of cases faulty utterance may be traced to vague, confused thinking, or to a lack of interest in what is spoken. When thought is clear the voice tends to go right.

Furthermore, I have departed from the custom, usually followed in texts on this subject, of laying first emphasis on the emotional values of selections studied. Clear understanding is the basis of sane, convincing speech. Appreciation and feeling follow the thought. The attempt to force or simulate emotion about something not clearly understood is demoralizing to the student, and inevitably results in vain and artificial expression.

Part I is devoted to a discussion of the problem of thought-getting, and of the modulations of the voice which give evidence of well-ordered thinking and serve to make the meaning clear to others. Part II is devoted to the problem of the imaginative and emotional response to thought, and to those modulations of tone which reveal feeling and render speech impressive. Part III deals with the technical problems of tone production and of forming tone into words.

The task of the teacher and the problems of the classroom have been constantly held in mind in the preparation of this *Handbook*. I have endeavored to offer such suggestion and help as may serve to lighten the teacher's labor without imposing hard and fast methods of instruction or procedure or encroaching upon the freedom of the individual teacher in the use of this text. At the end of the book a section has been devoted to suggestions to teachers and to a program of recitations and assignments

covering the entire contents of the volume in a series of carefully planned lessons. Frequent references are also made to the particular principles involved in the various assignments. It is not assumed that this program will be suited to all classes and situations, but it is hoped that it will afford valuable assistance to the teachers in adapting the material of this book to the daily needs of the class.

Adequate illustrative material is offered with each chapter for all ordinary needs of a course in reading aloud, so that assignments outside the book need be made only at the option of the teacher. For the most part, only selections of proved literary merit have been chosen. In the experimental use of a wide range of literature in class work I have learned to rely more and more upon standard authors whose work, by reason of its truth, strength, and beauty, has stood the test of time. A course in reading aloud affords the best opportunity, and oftentimes the only opportunity the student has, for becoming acquainted with good literature and for cultivating a taste for the best that has been written. While my aim has consistently been to provide material illustrative of the various aspects of the problem of expression, as discussed in the several chapters, I have made the selection in the hope that many passages of beauty and charm may be retained by the student long after the particular phases of the study which they illustrate have been forgotten.

Acknowledgments are due to those authors and publishers who have generously granted permission for the use of copyrighted material. My obligation is noted in connection with the selections used. I am also indebted to Houghton Mifflin Company for the privilege of extensive quotation from their publications of the works of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Harte, Sill, George Arnold, Warner (*In the Wilderness*), Crothers,

Muir (*Our National Parks*), and Peabody (*Mornings in the College Chapel*). I wish to express my sense of appreciation and indebtedness to Dr. S. S. Curry, but for whose sound, keen, and stimulative instruction in my tentative years this book might not have been written; to Dr. Ellwood P. Cubberley for careful reading of the manuscript and assistance in preparing it for publication; to Dr. William Herbert Carruth for criticism of the text and help in reading the proof; and to Miss Elizabeth Lee Buckingham for many practical suggestions and for that encouragement which springs from unfailing faith in the value of the work.

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A HANDBOOK OF ORAL READING

INTRODUCTION

In setting forth a book such as this it would hardly be deemed necessary to insist at the outset on reading aloud as an essential factor in education. The steadily increasing number of well-attended courses in oral composition and public speaking offered in secondary schools and colleges, and the recent lively interest in oral composition manifested by teachers of English throughout the country, give evidence of the recognition of the cultural value and practical usefulness of oral training. Special emphasis has been placed on oral composition, public speaking, and similar courses, in which the student is given opportunity for practice in expressing his own ideas in his own words. Indeed, so much attention has been given to this particular phase of oral expression that, at the present time, reading aloud holds a place of relatively minor importance.

The author does not wish to be understood as questioning the value of training in oral composition, public speaking, and the like — he does not; but to him there seems to be grave danger that these courses which, from their very nature, appear to afford most direct and immediate practical results, shall be permitted to claim our entire attention to the exclusion of a study, the practical benefits of which are perhaps less apparent but none the less real. Every student should have instruction and practice in standing before others and speaking what he knows and thinks about a subject. It is an eminently sensible, useful, and stimulating procedure. But with all its advantages, it can-

not be considered the "be-all and the end-all" of oral expression. As a special kind of mental and vocal training it merits a large place, no doubt, but that portion of the student's time which may be claimed for the study of oral expression cannot be devoted exclusively to this phase of the subject without serious loss.

Oral composition, — or formal conversation, as it may be called, — public speaking, and similar courses, as taught in the classroom, offer but a limited field of oral expression. Classroom conversations, narratives, discussions, and debates — whatever form the speaking exercise may take — are confined principally to a statement of conditions, events, facts, and opinions addressed chiefly to the understanding, and seldom to the imagination or emotions. Even the spontaneity and spirit of everyday conversation, with its play of thought, fancy, and feeling, are seldom in evidence in a marked degree. True, spirit and freedom are urged and encouraged by the zealous teacher, but the average student finds it hard to forget the restraint of the subject and the occasion, and the conditions are not conducive to the exercise of the freedom of informal conversation. If he succeeds in saying what he has to say so that his classmates shall understand and follow him with a reasonable degree of ease and interest, he has accomplished about all that is expected of him. The effort has helped to clarify his thought and he has gained somewhat in skill in communicating his ideas to others. But the exercise has brought no great degree of training in vocal expression. No very serious demands are made on the voice in merely given out information, or uttering facts, narrating incidents, or stating beliefs, unless, as sometimes happens in public address, the speaker becomes aroused and throws all his powers of mind, imagination, and emotion into his utterances. Then the resources of voice are brought to the test. But the

classroom offers little incentive to such full and spirited utterance, and efforts at intense expression are pretty apt to savor of pretense and declamation. The style of speech appropriate to classroom practice is of a simpler, quieter sort. Yet the lack of stimulus, the routine nature of the work, the often perfunctory character of the preparation, tend to a cold, self-critical, and restrained style, with a consequent restriction of vocal action. And instead of acquiring a flexible, free, and varied utterance, the student is in danger of dropping into a hard, mechanical, and dull manner of speech.

Moreover, in oral-composition and public-speaking courses, the vocal aspects of the problem can ordinarily receive but a limited consideration by reason of the complex nature of the work. The attention of teacher and pupil alike is divided between subject-matter of the speech, the problems of grammar and rhetoric, and oral delivery. But no servant can serve two masters at the same time and serve both well. Certain it is that no student can attempt to accomplish three things at once and attain a very high degree of efficiency in all or any one. Nor can the teacher give adequate criticism and instruction in all points simultaneously. It naturally follows in such courses that attention is centered more on the problems of composition than on oral expression or *vice versa*, or that time is divided equally between the two, with a consequent loss to each. Even under these difficulties, the work has distinct advantages and a practical value which no one will question. The contention here advanced is that, under these circumstances, there is not reasonable ground for assuming that such courses afford sufficient training in oral expression to justify giving them precedence over courses in reading aloud.

Nor does abundant practice in expressing one's own

thoughts in speech render unnecessary the training to be derived from expressive reading aloud of what others have said and have been at pains to say well. For reading affords distinctively valuable discipline in at least three respects: it brings the student into direct and vital contact with the thought and experiences which stimulate the mind, quicken the imagination and the emotional nature, and widen the range of his knowledge and interest; it trains him to accuracy of observation and to certainty of understanding which precludes superficial attention and "snap judgment"; and it provides the best kind of training of the expressive powers of the voice.

The greater part of the literature read in schools belongs to that class of writing which De Quincey calls the literature of power, as distinguished from the literature of mere knowledge. The literature of knowledge treats of facts as such; the literature of power holds and moves and inspires men by virtue of its truth, its beauty, its imagination, and its feeling. It tells us how men think and feel and how they relate themselves to other men and to the world in which they live. Obviously one who reads with full understanding must exercise the imagination and the sympathies, and must hold them subject to the influence of what he reads. New experiences are thus made his through contact with the thought and experience of the author and, as when Keats "heard Chapman speak out loud and bold," a larger world extending beyond the little circle of his everyday life, is opened to him. But the range and power of such literature are seldom realized by the student until he hears it read aloud, or he himself attempts to express its thought and spirit. The printed word is given reality and life when it is uttered by the living voice.

Moreover, reading aloud trains the student to accurate observation and close scrutiny of what he reads. Ask the

student who is in the habit of "skimming over" whatever is put before him to state the thought of what he has just read, and rarely is he able to give anything better than a vague, disconnected statement of it; but let the student be subject to the exacting study which good reading aloud requires, and he is prepared to give a better account of his reading. The pupil who has an idea that the only requirement for reading aloud is to look at the book and "read it off," soon finds that he is in error. For no one can read aloud well who has not a sure grasp of the thought, and few students, untrained in reading aloud, have the ability to get from the printed page all that it has for them. Especially is this true of poetry and finer forms of literature.

Now, the adequate rendering of the thought of the printed page makes demands on the voice such as oral composition and ordinary classroom speaking rarely make. For, in reading literature, not ideas alone are to be stated, but imagination and spirit are to be revealed as well. Without these, poetry becomes dry as dust, and prose "vain bibble-babble." All the expressive powers of the voice are called into action when one reads a poem like Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, or a narrative like Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* or Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. Indeed, the vividness and impressiveness of such literature depend largely upon the true, unaffected voicing of it.

Professor Dowden in his *New Studies in Literature* remarks: "Few persons nowadays seem to feel how powerful an instrument of culture may be found in modest, intelligent and sympathetic reading aloud. A mongrel something which, at least with the inferior adepts, is neither good reading nor veritable acting, but which sets agape the half-educated with the wonder of its airs and attitudinizings, its pseudo-heroics and pseudo-pathos, has usurped the place of the true art of reading aloud, and has made the word recitation a terror

to quiet folk who are content with intelligence and refinement." Though happily the airs and attitudinizings of the inferior adepts are seen less often than formerly, and they no longer meet with the unqualified approval of even the half-educated, it is doubtful whether we realize now, any more than when Dowden wrote, the educational and the cultural value of reading aloud. Anyhow, good reading is rarely heard in the school or the home or elsewhere. And though our students are possibly better prepared to stand before others and make a talk or give a formal address than they were ten or twenty years ago, few of them can read a page of print with clearness, ease, or naturalness.

Again to quote from Professor Dowden: "The reading which we should desire to cultivate is intelligent reading, that is, it should express the meaning of each passage clearly; sympathetic reading, that is, it should convey the feeling delicately; musical reading, that is, it should move in accord with the melody and harmony of what is read, be it verse or prose." If this sort of reading were cultivated wisely in our homes and schools, another generation would perhaps find good reading more generally practiced than now, and an understanding and love of good literature more prevalent among young people than at the present time. It is the hope of the author that this book may be instrumental, even in a slight degree, in stimulating interest in reading aloud and in simplifying some of the problems of teaching it.

The study of reading aloud is concerned with three problems, namely: thinking, feeling, and style of speech. Of these, thinking is of prime importance and demands first consideration. While enjoyment through awakened imagination and feeling is the ultimate purpose of literature, it is the author's ideas and the information he gives us which call these faculties into action. As children we

did not rejoice at the deliverance of Robinson Crusoe from his island until we were told that the ship was ready for his rescue and that he was so overcome that he "was at first ready to sink down with surprise." We are not struck with horror at Macbeth's crime until we are told that "he is about it." So, in reading aloud, the listener can derive little pleasure from what he hears unless the sense of it is made clear to him. Interest and enjoyment wait on understanding.

An attempt to arouse the emotions in reciting a piece of literature before one understands it or knows what the emotions are about, like an effort at fine writing when one has nothing to say, expresses nothing so much as vanity and poverty of thought. One suspects that a good deal of the elocutionary affectation of the past was due to this sort of perversion.

But no reading is adequate which fails to express the spirit of what is read. Every thought, if it really means anything to us, arouses some kind of emotional reaction. We relate ourselves to it in some way. The thought of home awakens feelings of tenderness; of a game of football, interest or enthusiasm; of a hard lesson, dread or determination. Abstract ideas, unrelated to our experience, concern us little: $4 \times 4 = 16$ is a matter of slight moment to us unless it means dollars, or years of life, or miles yet to be walked. We become "absorbed" in a story when, as we read on, we adjust ourselves to its characters, and its ideas and incidents become vivid and real to us. And the sympathetic reader will not utter words merely, nor ideas alone as a series of cold statements, but thought with the feeling it awakens.

The style of speech of each individual is largely a matter of mental habits, of feeling, temperament, and character. "Style is the man himself." True it is, that the man is

known by the manner of his speech. One can never get far away from one's self in speech, whether the speaking be limited to one's own thoughts or to the thought of a poem or piece of prose. Effort to express what one does not feel, to appear to be what one is not, deceives no one so much as the speaker.

But in one respect, at least, the manner of speech has a mechanical basis, and depends upon mechanical processes, which in time, by dint of much practice and use, become automatic and habitual. The use and control of the voice as an instrument of expression is largely acquired by deliberate effort. It is something each individual must learn, from the easy management of breath to the formation of tone into words. A bad voice, with abnormal methods of using it, while perhaps not fatal to good speech, seriously impairs its effectiveness and is a handicap to the possessor. Crudities in pronunciation and faulty enunciation of consonants and vowels betray ignorance or carelessness on the part of the speaker. Pleasantness, ease, grace, and accuracy of speech result from right training, right example, good habits, and care. Fortunate is the person who, from the first, has heard careful and cultured speech and has been trained to speak the language correctly and gracefully.

But however great the need may be in the matter of use of the voice, and formation of tone into words, these things should not receive first consideration in expression work. They are but incidental to the main purpose, and may appropriately receive attention as the demands of reading may indicate. In oral as well as written expression, thought, not style, is of prime consequence. We speak to get something said, not to show how well we can speak. The manner of speech, though important, is, after all, secondary to the matter spoken.

Nor is an effective manner of speech to be acquired from

without by imitation of others or by studious observation of rules. The laws of expressive speech take their rise from the nature of man. Likewise, the causes of weak, faulty, inexpressive speech are to be traced to the nature and mental habits of the individual. In a sense each person carries his own laws and rules of speech with him. Only untrained faculties, undisciplined latent powers, faulty habits and mannerisms, unresponsive and uncontrolled agents of expression, render expression inadequate, peculiar, ineffective. If the mind were perfectly trained to concentration and clear thinking, the imagination and emotions active, strong, and normal, and the voice perfect as an instrument and obedient to every shade of thought and feeling, there would be little need for the study of expression. But until this happy condition is attained, the study of expressive speech will remain one of the most effective means of educating all the faculties of our nature.

It is to purposeful and spirited conversation, conversation in its widest range of expression as exemplified by the speech of people in general, that we must look for the principles that underlie expressive reading or effective speech of any kind. It is the most common, spontaneous, unpremeditated form of communication. In conversation the speaker presumably has something to say, without having given studious care to the way it is to be spoken; the desire to speak leads the thought out, and voice and body obey the impulse as best they may. Though they are often hampered by weaknesses, wrong habits, mannerisms, and misuse, the influence of thought and feeling tends to direct their action in the right way. From conversation we may learn the vocabulary of tone by which spoken language is given its peculiar significance and force.

Now, reading aloud is nothing more nor less than the application to written language of the natural laws of

vocal expression, as revealed in conversation. Good reading is not to be acquired by following rules. It would be as reasonable to dictate to a writer what words he should use in setting down his thoughts, as to lay down absolute rules of tone for expressing certain kinds of thought and emotion. The modulations of the voice are combined by different individuals in infinite variety for the expression of thought. But without knowledge of what constitutes good reading and the elements of it, and without the skill to detect faults and mannerisms and weaknesses and attribute them to their causes, there can be little growth in the power to speak and read aloud.

Observation and analysis have shown that certain modulations of the voice — such, for example, as inflection and accentuation — are directly related to the mind and reveal the process of thinking, while others — like tone-quality and pitch — bear an intimate relation to the imagination and emotions. Every change of the voice means something and conveys some impression to others of the thought and feeling of the speaker. Now, the absence or weak use of any of these modulations in reading aloud, or in any form of speaking, may be attributed to mental or emotional causes. Faulty and inadequate expression is apt to be the result of lax and inadequate thinking. Correct the thought, arouse interest, awaken the mind to clear, vigorous action, and the speech will take care of itself pretty well. A well-trained voice is a valuable asset, but it is incidental to a well-trained mind and controlled feelings. All the examples and exercises found in the following pages should be practiced as exercises in thought-getting and thought-giving. In this way the study of vocal expression becomes a study, not of external mechanics of speech, but of the inner conditions of thought and life upon which all natural speech depends. The study of the principles of expressive speech will pro-

vide criteria for judging the student's understanding and appreciation of what he reads, and his interest in communicating it to others; it will help the teacher to detect and to correct lax, careless, and faulty habits of thinking; it will make clear the intimate connection between thought, feeling, and voice; and it will make obvious the truth that excellent reading is the result of excellent thinking, clear understanding, and the vigorous play and exercise of the imagination and the emotions.

PART I

CLEARNESS OF MEANING

CHAPTER I

THE RELATION OF THOUGHT AND SPEECH

There is no worse arrangement than for one to make pretensions to the spirit of a thing while the sense and letter of it are not clear to him. (GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister.*)

1. *What reading aloud involves*

OUR first duty in reading aloud is to get a clear understanding of the meaning of what we read. Whether we read the literature that instructs, or tells a story, or describes a scene, or portrays a character, we must give the meaning the author intended to convey in every phrase and sentence. There can be little delight in "the vision of the sky" when the lines

> Slow fades the vision of the sky,
> The golden water pales,

are read with such emphasis on "water" and dropping of the voice on "pales" as to suggest to the listener that the foreground of the picture is composed of water *pails*. Nor are the emotions of tenderness apt to be strongly aroused when we are told that "Silas Marner decided to keep the child (who was frozen one evening) outside his house in the snow." Thoughtless utterance of words often results in such misstatement and misrepresentation of meaning. It never reveals the finer shades of thought nor contributes to words the significant variety of living speech.

Words are not the whole of speech, nor is the utterance of them all there is to reading. The meaning conveyed through them is determined by the way they are spoken. For example, so simple an expression as "It is a beautiful day" may be uttered as an assertion of the fact that the day

is *beautiful*, or in concurrence with the opinion of another that the day *is* beautiful, or implying that, though the *day* is beautiful, the night was wild, or it may be so spoken as to imply the opposite of that which the words themselves assert, that the day is anything but beautiful. The sense conveyed depends on the intention of the speaker. If he have no definite intention, his speech will reveal that too, whether the words are spoken in conversation or read from the pages of a book. The reader's task is to find out what the author means, then to speak that meaning truthfully.

2. *Sight reading and preparation for utterance*

It is obvious that to read well one must prepare well, as well and thoroughly as time permits. Even sight reading involves preparation, though the time for it is necessarily brief. The preparation must be made during pauses and intervals of silence. When reading at sight, the reader must gather the thoughts as he goes along, hastily and piecemeal, it is true, yet words should not be spoken until their meaning is known. If the reader has nothing but words to speak, he has nothing to say. When he has thought the author's thought after him, and not till then, is he ready to speak. The inexperienced reader is apt to speak words one by one as they meet the eye. Not until the phrase or sentence is spoken does he know what the meaning is. But he should remember that he is not reading for himself alone, but to communicate thought to others, and this thought cannot be clearly, easily, and pleasantly communicated until he himself knows what he is saying. The monotonous and "sing-song" reading, so often heard in the classroom and elsewhere, is due largely to this heavy-eyed glimpsing and perfunctory voicing of words without definite knowledge of what they mean.

In sight reading, as well as in the reading of that with

which one is familiar, the eye should be trained to precede the voice. During pauses between phrases, sentences, and paragraphs the reader has an opportunity to familiarize himself with what follows. This, indeed, is what pauses are for. They are the intervals in which the mind prepares itself for speech. The thoroughness of this preparation depends on the alertness of the vision and the mind. The beginner finds it difficult to grasp even a short group of words in advance of utterance. But with practice the eye becomes apt in the forward look which apprehends all that cool reason may comprehend. Then word reading will give place to thought-getting and thought-giving. Then the spoken word will mean more to others because it first means something to the reader.

3. *Vocal evidence of clear thought*

The voice, when under the guidance of mind and eye, will tend to respond, as in spirited conversation, to the demands of the thought. Monotonous, hesitant, and stumbling speech indicates that the reader does not know what he is saying until he has said it, and even then he may not be sure of its meaning. Thoughtful reading is marked by the variety of utterance characteristic of conversation, and variety is the direct result of thinking at the time of speech. Try the following paragraph, pausing between the phrases, indicated by dashes, long enough to permit the eye to see all the words in the next phrase, and the mind to get its sense before the words are spoken. Read the passage again and again until the forward look becomes easy. When the attention is thus centered in the thought carried by the words, and not limited to the words themselves, the reading will show it by the natural emphasis and variety found in animated conversation.

There was little doubt — that the Lone Star claim was "played out." Not dug out, — worked out, — washed out, — but *played* out. For two years — its five sanguine proprietors had gone through the various stages of mining enthusiasm; — had prospected and planned, — dug and doubted. They had borrowed money with hearty but unredeeming frankness, — established a credit with unselfish abnegation of all responsibility, — and had borne the disappointment of their creditors with a cheerful resignation — which only the consciousness of some deep Compensating Future could give. Giving little else, however, — a singular dissatisfaction obtained with the traders, — and, being accompanied with a reluctance to make further advances, — at last touched the gentle stoicism of the proprietors themselves. The youthful enthusiasm — which had at first lifted the most ineffectual trial, — the most useless essay, — to the plane of actual achievement, — died out, — leaving them only the dull, prosaic record of half-finished ditches, — purposeless shafts, — untenable pits, — abandoned engines, — and meaningless disruptions of the soil upon the Lone Star claim, — and empty flour sacks and pork barrels in the Lone Star cabin. (Bret Harte: *Left Out on Lone Star Mountain.* From *Frontier Stories.*)

4. *Time and study essential*

One should not attempt to read aloud at sight anything but simple forms of literature. Casual sight reading of poetry and the literature pregnant with meaning and feeling, the literature that appeals strongly to the imagination and emotions, can give at best but a vague and slight idea of its beauty and power. In preparing such literature for reading the student should endeavor to know the author's thought and experience and purpose as thoroughly as did the author himself. Only such study and analysis as will enable the reader to understand every shade of meaning, and to become imbued with the spirit of the piece as a whole, will suffice for the reading of our best literature.

Suppose you are to read the following lines from Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:* —

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The first thing to do is to get the sense of the whole stanza. Unless the interrelation of the various lines and the bearing of each upon all is understood, the full meaning of any single line will not be made clear by well-placed and purposeful emphasis. If, however, you know why the poet says, "Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain," you will so speak the verse as to cause the listener to anticipate the explanation immediately following.

Man marks the *earth* with *ruin* — his control
Stops with the *shore;* upon the *watery plain*
The *wrecks* are all *thy* deed.

It is not possible to illustrate such points adequately in writing. The voice alone can do that. But a little practice in reading the stanza aloud will make it evident that the lines can be clearly and truthfully read only when the reader sees the end from the beginning. Then the thought of each line will influence the utterance of every other line; all will be bound together in unity and singleness of purpose, because all are needed to convey the central idea of the stanza, that on the ocean the works of man, and even man himself, are subject to its power.

Take another example, this time from Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth.* First, read the passage with emphasis as indicated, giving the speeches as direct, frank conversation between friends who do not question the honesty or integrity of each other.

King Henry. You have said *well.*
Wolsey. And ever may your highness yoke *together,*
As I will lend you *cause,* my *doing* well
With my well *saying!*
King Henry. 'T is well said *again!*
And 't is a kind of good deed to *say* well:
And yet *words* are no deeds.

Now this is such a rendering as might easily result from sight reading. A clear and definite meaning is given to the speeches, but a little scrutiny of them, even though one has no further knowledge of the situation than that gained from the lines, will make it apparent that it is not the meaning intended. Had the king, with positive emphasis on "well," expressed absolute confidence in Wolsey, the Cardinal would have been impelled to show gratitude to him for the recognition of his virtue of "well saying." But it is evident that the words of Henry were spoken in no complimentary tone, for Wolsey is put on the defensive and feels called to assert that his deeds, too, are worthy. But in his next speech the king reiterates his fair words in tones of double meaning. Instead of a conversation of undisguised confidence and good-will, analysis shows it to be one of sarcasm and irony in which Henry virtually charges Wolsey with dishonesty and treachery.

King Henry. You have *said* well.
Wolsey. And ever may your highness yoke *together,*
As I will lend you *cause,* my *doing* well
With my well *saying!*
King Henry. 'T is well *said again;*
And 't is a *kind* of *good deed* to *say* well:
And yet *words* are no *deeds.*

The above illustrations will perhaps be sufficient to show that reading aloud is a task requiring as thorough preparation and careful analysis and thought as any other study, and that good reading can only result from good prepara-

tion. When the writer means to convey a certain thought it is the reader's business to convey that thought, not another, and it is his duty to make sure that he understands what is written before he attempts to speak it. No doubt a good deal of the careless, inaccurate, and monotonous reading heard in the classroom is due to the notion, prevalent among students, that an open book and a fair ability to pronounce words are all that is necessary for reading any sort of literature.

5. *Thinking during speech*

But thorough preparation and ready familiarity with what one reads is not all. It is possible to know a piece of prose or poetry so well, and to be so well rehearsed in it, that it may be repeated by rote, as one says the multiplication table while the mind is occupied with something else. Every one has heard lines repeated in a jingling "sing-song" way, without significant pause or emphasis or other evidence that the speaker is thinking about what he is saying. The words follow each other in utterance by force of habit, while the mind may be busy with any number of different things. The boy who speaks "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," when his mind is occupied with thoughts of his lunch, or the afternoon ball game, or his own discomfort as he stands before his fellows, is not likely to put life or reality into the line. Speech, to be convincing and genuine, must be the expression of active and present thinking. The skilled axeman uses the axe with the ease of long-practiced habit, yet every stroke must be consciously directed and delivered with energy, if it is to count and the chips made to fly. If reading is to have the convincing directness and force of living speech, the keen edge of the mind must be applied with vigor to every word and phrase and sentence when they are spoken.

6. *Conversation the basis of natural style in reading*

The influence of the action of the mind on the voice may be observed in all natural and unstudied utterance. In such speech every change in the tone and action of the voice means something. Speak the sentence, "Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem as deep as they are," and then mention as many expressive actions of the voice as you can. If you have spoken the sentence naturally, with clear knowledge of its ideas before you uttered the words, you will recall that you did not shout the words loudly, but spoke them with a moderate degree of vocal force; that you did not speak them as rapidly as possible, but with average rate of time; that there were some pauses, and a good deal of rising and falling of the voice throughout the sentence. In all these ways, and others which you may have noted, was your voice serving your mind and making known the thoughts that came to it in the words of the sentence. In conversation these significant variations of voice are unpremeditated. The speaker does not stop to consider them, nor is the listener conscious of them. The thought and the speaker's feeling are the things both are concerned about, and it is the thought that determines how the voice shall act. If the voice is disobedient, so much the worse for the thought, the speaker, and the listener.

Now, if the thought of what is read aloud were as definite as it is in conversation, and the desire as strong to communicate it to others, there would be no great difference between the style of speech in reading and conversation. The person who can speak his own thoughts clearly, naturally, and pleasantly, would be able to read with the same clear, varied, and significant utterance. All depends on whether he makes the sense of the printed page his own, and whether he thinks as vigorously when reading as

when speaking his own ideas. Rules never made an excellent reader or speaker, but clear thinking and earnest purpose have made many. To speak with "the unpretending simplicity of earnest men" is to speak what one thinks and feels, without self-consciousness or affectation or studied effort for effect.

An exercise in clearness of expression

The following adaptation of Irving's story is a good illustration of the principles discussed in the foregoing pages:

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Washington Irving

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching

power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy

day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived.

As the enraptured Ichabod rolled his great green eyes over the

fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, — or the Lord knows where!

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head

of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and, when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! — he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore, — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing

any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting-frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but its viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in

it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.[1]

[1] An abridgment of the rest of this story will be found at the end of chapter V, where it has been placed as an exercise in the principles of that chapter.

CHAPTER II

GROUPING

7. *The basis of grouping*

In purposeful speech words are combined in groups according to the ideas and images the speaker wishes to communicate. Without clear thinking there can be no accurate grouping, and without clear grouping no clear expression of thought. Attention is limited temporarily to the thought that determines the word group.

To the homeless man — who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, — there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence — when, — after a weary day's travel, — he kicks off his boots, — thrusts his feet into slippers,— and stretches himself before an inn fire. Irving: *Stratford-on-Avon.*

In reading the above selection aloud it will be observed that the words are combined in groups, or "thought units," and these groups are separated from each other by pause and change of pitch. Furthermore, all words within each group are usually merged and blended by uninterrupted utterance.

1. **Pause.** Word groups are always set apart by pauses. The length of the interval of silence depends on the relative importance of the ideas, the feeling of the speaker and the conditions under which he speaks. Pauses in the utterance of profound, weighty, and solemn thought tend to be longer than in thought of a lighter and more joyous nature. The number in the audience and the size of the room also influence the length of pauses. Length of pause as determined by the character of the thought is illustrated in the two

following extracts. Note that in the first the pauses are longer than in the second spirited selection.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Philip James Bailey: *Festus.*

Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Shakespeare: *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii.

2. Change of pitch. With change in thought in passing from one group to another there is normally a resultant change in the pitch of the voice. The more vividly images are pictured in the mind and the more definite and vigorous the thinking the more pronounced will be the change in pitch. Monotony is evidence of failure on the part of the speaker to grasp the meaning of the individual ideas or to discover their relative importance. Test the statements by reading aloud the following sentences:[1] —

At last *we came*
and with much fatigue
with no small difficulty
to our journey's end.
through deep roads and bad weather

[1] It will be observed that the underlined phrases in the illustrations given above carry the principal thought of the sentence. If the utterance is monotonous, read only the main part of the sentence, omitting the explanatory or qualifying phrases. When the principal thought is clearly in mind, read the sentence as a whole, adding the amplifying ideas of the phrases not read before. This exercise often proves helpful in awakening a sense of the thought value of phrases and of their relation to each other. When these values are understood, the fact will be evident in change of pitch between thought groups and in the variety of utterance characteristic of conversation. The space intervals allowed between sections of the above sentences are meant merely to indicate thought divisions, not definite intervals of pitch.

If you go to-day
I must stay at home.

I come now to consider briefly *the true ground of complaint.*
but with proper precision

Cromwell was evidently laying *the foundation of an*
though in an irregular manner
admirable system.

3. **Uninterrupted utterance.**[1] The appearance of words in print, set apart by spaces, leads easily to the idea that they should be separated in speech. One of the most common faults of the beginner is the practice of pausing after each word. In conversation and all ordinary forms of speech, the words of a phrase are bound together and merged into one continuous sound, broken only by stop consonants like *t*, *b*, *p*, *k*, the enunciation of which slightly obstructs the tone passage.[2] We do not say "How — are — you?" but "Howareyou?" The truth of this statement will be obvious if the following sentences are spoken, first as separate words, then as one word, with all sounds merged: —

[1] "No amount of study of the sounds only of a sentence will enable us to recognize the individual words of which it consists." Henry Sweet: *Primer of Phonetics.*

[2] The classification of utterance into "effusive," "expulsive," and "explosive," while it has some justification in fact, has led to a good deal of elocutionary unnaturalness. It is often true that exclamations of alarm, anger, exultation, and the like, and those occasional utterances in which individual words are of great weight — as, for example, Hamlet's last speech, "The rest — is — silence!" — are marked by separate voicing of each word, but it will be observed that such utterance is the result of abnormal states of feeling or of rare and exceptional conditions. The application of the expulsive and explosive utterance to the delivery of orations and declamations is perhaps the cause of much of the disfavor into which elocution has fallen. One can hardly imagine Lincoln as saying, "Fourscore (!) and seven (!) years (!) ago (!) our (!) fathers (!) brought forth (!) upon this continent (!) a new (!) nation (!)"; yet students are still being taught to declaim the speech in this way. An unassuming, simple, conversational style suits the Gettysburg Speech. There is no rant, declamation, expulsiveness, or explosiveness about it. This may be said in general of the unpretentious utterance of all earnest men.

We — are — all — well. Weareallwell.
May — I — have — your — answer? MayIhaveyouranswer?
I — hope — you — will — come. Ihopeyouwillcome.
With — all — my — heart. Withallmyheart.
Thy — shores — are — empires. Thyshoresareempires.
We — are — all — free — men. Weareallfreemen.
There — is — no — longer — any — room — for — hope.
Thereisnolongeranyroomforhope.

Practice the lines quoted below, applying the principles of pause, change of pitch, and uninterrupted tone in the voicing of each phrase.[1]

The moan of doves in immemorial elms
and the murmur of innumerable bees.

changed in all
Thy shores are empires
save thee.

By Nebo's lonely mountain
on this side Jordan's wave

in the land of Moab
In a vale
there lies a lonely grave.

that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard
Scrooge said often afterwards these were the blithest to his ear.

8. *Causes of faulty grouping*

Two frequent sources of faulty grouping are (1) haphazard breathing, and (2) punctuation.

1. **Grouping and breathing.** In normal speech the rhythm

[1] To prove the validity of these principles the lines may be read again with the omission of the modulations, first without pause, then in a monotone, and, finally, with each word spoken separately. Indeed, the value and function of any expressive variation of the voice may be tested by deliberately eliminating it in the utterance of a particular sentence.

of breathing is controlled by the rhythmic progress of thought. When we have an idea to express, we instinctively take the breath and retain it in preparation for speech. The breath is naturally replenished during pauses between ideas. The thoughtless reader is prone to hasten over words, pronouncing them as fast as breathing and articulation permit. But the breathing of the reader who thinks clearly, and whose breath is controlled by his thinking, does not interrupt the utterance of word groups. Gasping and catching of breath during the utterance of phrases prevent the easy and clear rendering of thought, make listening difficult, and indicate failure on the part of the speaker to think clearly or to coördinate the action of the mind and the voice. Read the following lines aloud, taking breath only at the points indicated by dashes, and observe the peculiar and chaotic effect produced by the lack of correspondence between thinking and breathing. Then re-read the lines, allowing the breath to be governed by the thought.

The dealer stooped — once more this time to replace — the glass upon the shelf his thin blond hair falling — over his eyes as he did so. — Markheim moved — a little nearer with one hand — in the pocket of his great coat.

The dealer stooped once more, — this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, — his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer — with one hand in the pocket of his great coat.

Stevenson: *Markheim.*[1]

2. Grouping and punctuation. Punctuation cannot be relied on as a guide to grouping. It often happens that pauses coincide with punctuation marks; often they do not. Punctuation helps to indicate the structure of the sentence to the eye. Grouping is not determined by gram-

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

matical structure, but by ideas and images. It is for the ear and the mind of the auditor. The sense of the unpunctuated passage may be clear to the eye, while the same passage, if read aloud without pauses, would be difficult to understand. A sentence from Tennyson's *In Memoriam* illustrates this: —

> As dear to me as sacred wine
> To dying lips was all he said.

Conversational usage observes no pause in "Yes, sir," though the structure requires a comma. We write, "He said that, if the rain stopped, he would resume his journey"; but we speak the sentence thus: "He said — that if the rain stopped — he would resume his journey." "*He said*" is one idea; *what* he said another, in fact, *two* others. The lack of coincidence between grouping and punctuation is further illustrated in the following quotations: —

It was felt — that the loyal element in the border states — ought to be recognized — and, therefore it was — that, for the vice-presidency — was named a man — who began life in the lowest station.

> This is the very coinage of your brain:
> This bodiless creation — ecstasy
> Is very cunning in.
>
> Shakespeare: *Hamlet*, III, iv.

3. Examples of faulty grouping. Knowledge of the author's meaning is the only guide to correct and clear grouping. The following illustrations represent actual classroom errors. Correct the grouping.

Silas Marner decided to keep the child — who was frozen one evening — outside his house in the snow.

George Eliot: *Silas Marner.*

And then, the chasm
Opening to view, I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape
And hideous — that remembrance in my veins —
Yet shrinks the vital current.

Dante: *The Inferno*, Canto XXIV.

The roaring camp-fire with rude humor painted —
The ruddy tints of health —
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Bret Harte: *Dickens in Camp.*

I quote as a specimen some words of a living poet himself — closely akin to Shelley in the character of his genius.

And beneath from the pebbles — in passing a spark —
Struck out by a steed flying — fearless and fleet.

Longfellow: *Paul Revere's Ride.*

Hounds are in their couples — yelling
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Scott: *Hunting Song.*

A frequent fault of inexperienced readers is the breaking up of the thought of a phrase into its smallest details, setting out each particular phase of the whole idea as a distinct and important thought-unit. But one cannot emphasize everything. The minor aspects of a thought must be combined and subordinated in such a way as to give unity and prominence to the complete image. This over-insistence upon details is illustrated in the following extract. Read it aloud as phrased, then read it with such grouping as shall give whole images, unbroken by pauses or hesitations.

If ever — man was formed — to sit — on a log — it was — Old Phelps. He was essentially — a contemplative — person. Walking — on a country road — or anywhere — in the "open" — was irksome — to him. He had a shambling — loose-jointed gait — not unlike — that of the bear; his short legs — bowed out — as if — they had been more — in the habit — of climbing trees — than of walking.

If ever man was formed to sit on a log, — it was Old Phelps. He was essentially a contemplative person. Walking on a country road, — or anywhere in the "open," — was irksome to him. He had a shambling, loose-jointed gait, — not unlike that of the bear; — his short legs bowed out, — as if they had been more in the habit of climbing trees — than of walking.

Charles Dudley Warner: *In the Wilderness.*

PROBLEMS IN GROUPING

1. *General Problems*

The various aspects of the problem of grouping are illustrated in the examples appended to this chapter. Practice on these problems should be continued until the habit is acquired of taking a phrase or sentence with the eye and the mind before its words are spoken, until transitions from phrase to phrase and thought to thought are marked, as in conversation, by pauses and change of pitch, until breathing is regulated by the demands of the thought and phrasing becomes smooth, rhythmical, and easy.

1. Right expression is a part of character. As somebody has said, by learning to speak with precision, you learn to think with correctness, and the way to firm and vigorous speech lies through the cultivation of high and noble sentiments. John Morley: *On the Study of Literature.*

2. The pavilion in which these personages were had, as became the times as well as the personal character of Richard, more of a warlike than a sumptuous or royal character. Scott.

3. I had a method of my own of writing half words, and leaving out some altogether, so as to keep the substance and the language of any discourse which I had heard so much in view, that I could give it very completely soon after I had taken it down.

Boswell: *Life of Johnson.*

4. Supper was over, and the process of digestion proceeding as favorably as, under the influence of complete tranquility and cheerful conversation, most wise men conversant with the anatomy and functions of the human frame will consider that it ought to have proceeded, when the three friends were startled by the noise of loud and angry threatenings below stairs.

Dickens.

5. The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

Shakespeare: *King Henry V*, IV, iii.

6. This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Shakespeare: *Sonnet* 64.

7. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man!

Bryant: *Thanatopsis.*

8. And all the three were silent seeing, pitch'd
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge,

Black, with black banner, and a long black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth graspt,
And so, before the two could hinder him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro' all the horn.
Tennyson: *Gareth and Lynette.*

9. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
Shakespeare: *The Tempest*, IV, i.

10. The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.
Milton: *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.*

11. Your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words.
Beecher: *Address on Abraham Lincoln.*

12. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Shakespeare: *King Richard II*, I, iii.

13. Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendors now,
And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance.
Moore: *Lalla Rookh* (*The Veiled Prophet*, 1, 179–82).

14. I should shrink from the task, however, did I not know that, in this, your purpose is to honor again the Commonwealth of which I am the official representative.

John D. Long: *Memorial Day Address.*

15. Many more, indeed, than may be mentioned now there are of these real benefactors and preservers of the wayside characters, times and customs of our ever-shifting history.

Riley: *Dialect in Literature.*

16. A league beyond the wood,
All in a full-fair manor and a rich,
His towers, where that day a feast had been
Held in high hall, and many a viand left,
And many a costly cate, received the three.

Tennyson: *Gareth and Lynette.*

17. Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat: took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was the quickest, the laughter at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance,

the males turned pale, and the females fainted, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness: while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any person who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his topmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, that a face, head, and shoulders, emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I could n't get on my feet at first."

After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

Dickens: *The Pickwick Papers.*

18. *Brutus.* What, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!
Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?
Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius. I will, my lord.

Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, II, i.

19. Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. — Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt: *Abou Ben Adhem.*

20. If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

Emerson: *Nature.*

21. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. It was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröch; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable city; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving, were for the most part visible there.

"Ach, mein Lieber!" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying, — on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the Rabenstein? — their gallows must even now be a-building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. — All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; — crammed in, like salt fish in their barrel; — or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke-counter-pane! — But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus*, Book I, chap. III.

22. It is hard without long and loving study to realize the magnitude of the work done on these mountains during the last glacial period by glaciers, which are only streams of closely compacted snow-crystals. Careful study of the phenomena presented goes to show that the pre-glacial condition of the range was comparatively simple: one vast wave of stone in which a thousand mountains, domes, cañons, ridges, etc., lay concealed. And in the development of these Nature chose for a tool not the earthquake or lightning to rend and split asunder, not the stormy torrent or eroding rain, but the tender snow-flowers noiselessly falling through unnumbered centuries, the offspring of the sun and the sea. Laboring harmoniously in united strength they crushed and ground and wore away the rocks in their march, making vast beds of soil, and at the same time developed and fashioned the landscapes into the delightful variety of hill and dale and lordly mountain that mortals call beauty. Perhaps more than a mile in average depth has the range been thus degraded during the last glacial period, — a quantity of mechanical work almost inconceivably great. . . . The great granite domes a mile high, the cañons as deep, the noble peaks, the Yosemite valleys, these, and indeed nearly all other features of the Sierra scenery, are glacier monuments.

Contemplating the works of these flowers of the sky, one may easily fancy them endowed with life: messengers sent down to work in the mountain mines on errands of divine love. Silently flying through the darkened air, swirling, glinting, to their appointed places, they seem to have taken counsel together, saying, "Come, we are feeble; let us help one another. We are many, and together we will be strong. Marching in close, deep ranks, let us roll away the stones from these mountain sepulchres, and set the landscapes free. Let us uncover these clustering domes. Here let us carve a lake basin; there, a Yosemite valley; here, a channel for a river with fluted steps and brows for the plunge of songful cataracts. Yonder let us spread broad sheets of soil, that man and beasts may be fed; and here pile trains of boulders for pines and giant Sequoias. Here make ground for a

meadow; there, for a garden and grove, making it smooth and fine for small daisies and violets and beds of heathy bryanthus, spicing it well with crystals, garnet, feldspar, and zircon." Thus and so on it has oftentimes seemed to me sang and planned and labored the hearty snow-flower crusaders; and nothing I can write can possibly exaggerate the grandeur and beauty of their work. Like morning mist they have vanished in sunshine, all save the few small companies that still linger on the coolest mountain-sides, and, as residual glaciers, are still busily at work completing the last of the lake basins, the last beds of soil, and the sculpture of some of the highest peaks.

John Muir: *The Mountains of California*, chap. I.[1]

23. Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Keats: *On first looking into Chapman's Homer.*

24. Simple and brave, his faith awoke
Ploughmen to struggle with their fate;
Armies won battles when he spoke,
And out of Chaos sprang the State.

Robert Bridges: *Washington.*

25. Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his

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winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated — without haste, but without remorse. . . .

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.

Huxley: *A Liberal Education.*

2. *For general reading*

26. The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"
Edward Rowland Sill: *The Fool's Prayer.*

27. Toward the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" That was the shibboleth, and very needful too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognise a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them — for the cabin was usually locked, or choose out some hol-

low of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I may not give some specimens — some of their foresights of life, or deep inquiries into the rudiments of man and nature, these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so richly silly, so romantically young. But the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

II

It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended, rather, that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt.

. . . . . .

And so with others, who do not live by bread alone, but by some cherished and perhaps fantastic pleasure; who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons, or Beethovens; who have not one virtue to rub against another in the field of active life, and yet perhaps, in the life of contemplation, sit

with the saints. We see them on the street, and we can count their buttons; but Heaven knows in what they pride themselves! Heaven knows where they have set their treasure!

There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life: the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognise him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. He sings in the most doleful places. The miser hears him and chuckles, and the days are moments. With no more apparatus than an ill-smelling lantern I have evoked him on the naked links. All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him.

Stevenson: *The Lantern-Bearers.*[1]

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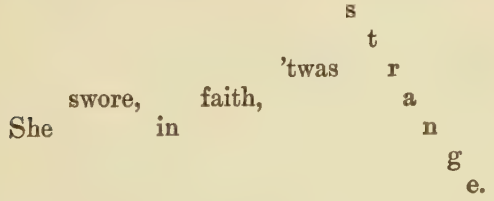
CHAPTER III

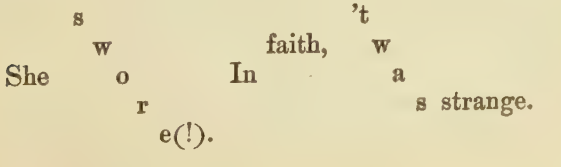
PITCH VARIATION

9. *The cause of pitch variation*

All normal speech is characterized by variety in pitch and range of the voice. If you listen closely to one in earnest conversation, you will observe that the numerous tone changes do not come by chance, although the speaker may not be at all conscious of what the voice is doing, but that they are determined by the thought and the intention of the speaker. Every departure from monotone is significant and indicates the particular meaning the speaker attaches to the words he utters, and every change in the melody of a phrase or sentence changes its meaning to the listener. Obviously, then, a reader must make sure that he understands the author's thought before he ventures to speak his words. Note how the following portion of a line from *Othello*, as read by a student, was perverted from its serious import to a meaning of ludicrous implication. The true sense may be expressed something like this: —

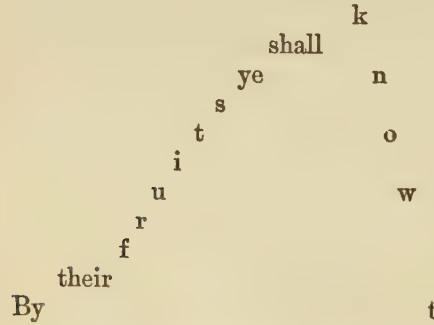


But the line was read thus: —

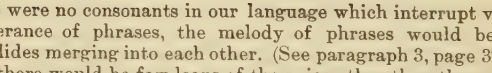


10. *Inflection and change of pitch*

The two factors of pitch variation by which words are made to express accurately the speaker's purpose are inflection (vocal glides), and change of pitch (vocal leaps). The rise or fall of the voice during the utterance of a word is called *inflection;* the leap of the voice from one key to another during intervals of silence between words, phrases, and sentences is called *change of pitch.*[1] These modulations supplement each other, and are firmly allied in showing the relation of words, phrases, and sentences. Speaking generally, the upward trend of the voice, whether limited to the glide on a particular word or to the melody of the whole phrase, indicates incompleteness of thought; the falling, completeness. Both are illustrated in the following sentence:—



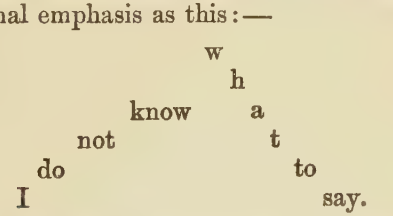
[1] If there were no consonants in our language which interrupt vocalization in the utterance of phrases, the melody of phrases would be made up largely of glides merging into each other. (See paragraph 3, page 32.) Within the phrase there would be few leaps of the voice other than those that might occur for emphasis. The phrase "We all know how well we are" may be spoken with a melody made up entirely of glides of varying length and direction. Such combinations rarely occur, however. The flow of the voice is often broken by consonants, and the range between syllables and words beginning or ending with stop-consonants is effected by vocal leaps, thus:—



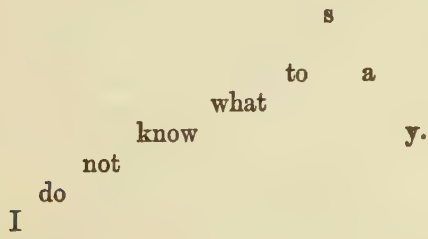
11. *Word values within the phrase*

The particular meaning conveyed by any group of spoken words is determined largely by inflection and change of pitch.[1] By means of these, attention is directed to significant words, which are lifted into prominence, while those of less importance are subordinated, as in the illustration above. Inflection and change of pitch are therefore important means of emphasis.

1. **Emphasis by inflection.** While every word in expressive speech has some inflectional variation, words in which the thought is most strongly centered are set out by inflections of greater range and duration, the range and duration varying according to the purpose of the speaker and the importance of the thought. Suppose, for example, that some circumstance has arisen in which one is unable to decide at once upon a course of action or to state a definite opinion. The perplexity of the mind might be expressed by some such inflectional emphasis as this: —

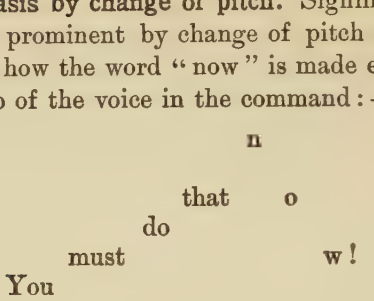


But if one is being urged unexpectedly to speak and cannot think of anything to say, the sentence might be spoken thus: —

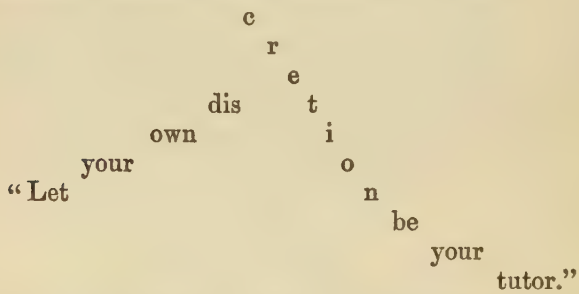


[1] How would you speak the sentence "There is honor among thieves" so

2. Emphasis by change of pitch. Significant words are often made prominent by change of pitch before or after them. Note how the word "now" is made emphatic by the upward leap of the voice in the command: —

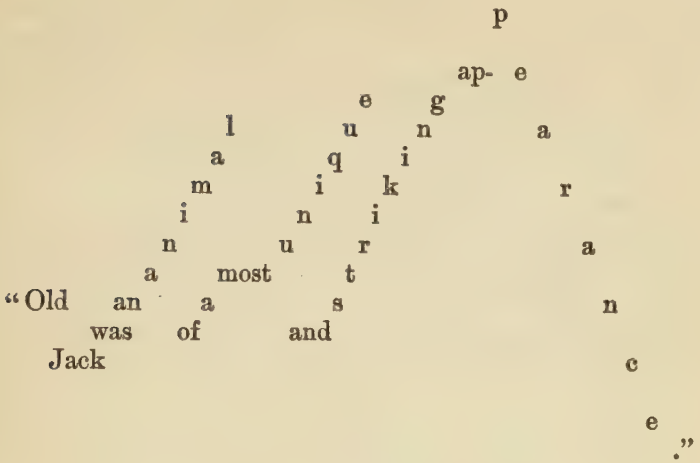


Often the change of pitch comes between the unaccented and accented syllables of the emphatic word, as in



3. Change of pitch essential to proper inflectional emphasis. Change of pitch itself is not only a means of emphasis, but it often helps to make inflectional emphasis possible by placing the important words on such a key that the emphatic rise and fall of the voice shall be within its easy range. In the following sentence the words "animal," "unique," and "striking" receive strong rising inflections, yet it would be vocally impossible to give each of these words an equal inflectional range were it not for the downward leaps of the voice throughout the sentence, by which its melody is given balance and proportion.

as to justify the reply, "Nonsense! thieves are just as bad as other people"? Repeat the sentence in a way to imply that even among thieves there is *some* sense of honor.



12. *Phrase and clause relations*

As the pitch variation within the word-group helps to convey the exact meaning the speaker intends, so it reveals the relation between the ideas of the various phrases and clauses within the sentence.

1. **Completeness of thought.** Notwithstanding an old and arbitrary rule that the voice should rise at a comma and fall at a period, we find that in normal speech the voice often falls at a comma, or whenever, comma or no comma, the attention is momentarily centered on a phrase, the thought of which is clear and complete in itself and of sufficient importance to stand as an independent affirmation. Then one virtually "makes periods in the midst of sentences." Take, for example, the following sentence from Lincoln's *Second Inaugural Address*. Beginning with the clause, "let us finish the work we are in," it, and each subsequent clause, states a thought complete in itself, and, in reading, each may be given the falling inflection of completeness, as indicated in the illustration: —

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.[1]

The following sentences contain phrases which may be treated as complete in themselves : —

There is the constitution, there are the laws, there is the government.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men perhaps which the world has ever produced.

2. **Incompleteness of thought.** When the thought is but partially stated in any phrase, and, in consequence, depends for its completion on others to follow, this dependence is shown by the rising inflection and the general upward trend of the voice. Attention is thus directed to what follows.

I find where I thought myself poor there I was most rich.

The plateau being somewhat tilted toward the west, this spot on which we had paused commanded a wide prospect on either hand.

a. In expressions of doubt, entreaty, contradiction or opposition, the trend of the voice is often upward, for the reason that in such states of mind the thought is virtually

[1] The inflections indicated in this sentence are not to be understood as representing the only ones that may be used in reading the lines. They are intended merely to illustrate one way of expressing the thought. The first portion of the quotation has not been marked. There is good ground for the use of either rising or falling inflection in rendering the opening phrases.

incomplete. Further information is desired or expected.

I thought I left my hat here. (Possibly I did n't. But where *is* it?)

I do not understand this. (Will you explain?)

Don't leave me here alone. (Will you?)

I did not say that. (Explain or retract.)

b. Direct questions frequently take the rising inflection of incomplete thought. Attention is directed to the answer.[1]

Is this your book?

Are you going to-morrow?

13. *Subordination*

Change of pitch is an important factor in showing the relation of phrases to each other. In complex sentences in which central ideas are limited, qualified, or explained by subordinate phrases or clauses, these modifying word-groups are often spoken on a lower key and are passed over more quickly than are the clauses they support, but whether their pitch is lower or higher, their time of utterance faster or slower, depend on their importance and the judgment and purpose of the speaker. Sometimes a qualifying phrase may be given more prominence than any other in the sen-

[1] Students are often led into error by assuming that an interrogation point always demands the rising inflection. In many instances it does not. For example, when the question is uttered as a command, as an exclamation, or as an assertion of an assumed fact, the falling inflection is natural.

Where are you going? (You are evidently going somewhere. Tell me.)

Why did you do this? (It is done, but not according to instructions. Explain.)

Is n't this a beautiful day? (No one would deny it.)

How did you enjoy the game? (Of course you enjoyed it.)

tence, as, for example, in the last of the following quotations: —

"Shakespeare, ∨ ought not to have made Othello black."
says Rhymer,

"It was ∨ legitimate political warfare."
as the world goes

however strong they may be
"Monopolies and corporations ∧ cannot enslave such a people."

It often happens that the principal idea or clause is interrupted by a modifying subordinate phrase. In such cases the relation of the parts of the broken phrase may be made clear by speaking them with the same inflections and changes of pitch as would obtain were there no interruption of the thought. To illustrate: Read the following sentence, omitting the phrase "in his saint-like beauty," and note the inflections used in speaking "fell" and "asleep." Then read the line entire, preserving the same inflections as in the former reading. Observe that "He did not 'fall,' but that "He fell asleep."

He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Alice Cary: *Pictures of Memory.*

Here are some other illustrations: —

Well, we, in our poetical application of this, say, that money does n't mean money.
Ruskin: *Use and Abuse of Wealth.*

Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometimes call'd the Maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
Tennyson: *Lancelot and Elaine.*

Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundation of an admirable system.

Macaulay.

That art itself is nature, Shakespeare, who
Derived his sovereign art from nature, knew.

14. *Contrast and Comparison*

When two or more ideas are compared or contrasted, the inflections and changes of pitch are determined by the principle governing completeness or incompleteness of thought. (See section 12, pages 55–56.) Antithetic phrases may be roughly divided into two classes, namely:—

1. Those in which any member of the antithesis is conditional and dependent upon another for completeness and clearness of meaning. In these the trend of the voice is naturally upward.

If you ride, I must walk.

"What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won."

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

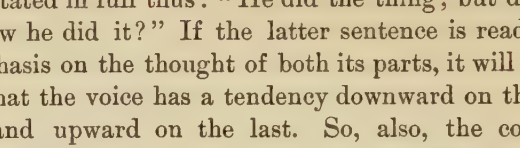
2. Those in which any member of the antithesis is complete in itself, or is of sufficient importance to justify the falling inflection.

It is a matter of measures, not men.

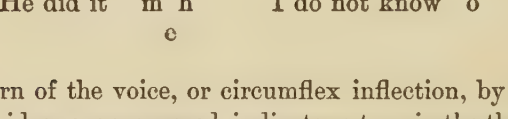
The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself.

Antithetic ideas are often centered in one word. In such instances a little scrutiny will show that the word implies two ideas which may be expanded into antithetic

phrases. For example, the statement "He did it *somehow*," may be stated in full thus: "He did the thing; but does he know how he did it?" If the latter sentence is read with due emphasis on the thought of both its parts, it will be observed that the voice has a tendency downward on the first phrase and upward on the last. So, also, the complex thought carried in "somehow" is expressed vocally by the falling and rising inflection in speaking the word, thus: —



The turn of the voice, or circumflex inflection, by which antithetic ideas are expressed, indicates a turn in the thought. It is especially marked in equivocal speech, or when the mind wavers between two opinions.[1]



Rules have been given for the management of the voice in rendering antitheses, but, here again, the secret of natural speech is found, not in rules, but in thinking. When the mind is uncertain, the voice will make it evident; when thought is definite and certain, speech will also be certain. "I know" implies no doubt.

[1] Circumflexes are common in everyday life, but usually indicate abnormal mental attitudes, lack of dignity in character, or are merely colloquial without earnestness. Inflection should be as straight and direct as possible. Crooked inflections imply undignified conditions, lack of sincerity, playful, sarcastic, or negative attitudes of mind towards truth or towards persons. They are sometimes necessary, but should be rare in dignified discourse. (S. S. Curry: *Foundations of Expression*, p. 56.)

15. *Monotony*

The most common fault in reading aloud and formal speaking is monotony. Thoughtlessness and monotony go together. The most effective remedy for the fault is clear thinking. Take, for example, the first line from *Julius Cæsar*, spoken by an officer, Flavius, to a group of citizens gathered in a street in Rome. The reader, whose mind and imagination are active, will be apt to speak the line somewhat as follows: —

\ \ / / \ / / \
Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

But the thoughtless reader, indifferent to situation, citizens, officer and what he says, will utter the words in a monotone, thus: —

Hence — home — you — idle — creatures — get — you — home.

Likely the "idle creatures" would not be moved by this sort of talk, though no doubt the active listener would be quite willing to betake himself hence without more urging. Such a habit of reading will not be improved much by working primarily on the *manner* of speaking the sentence. When the meaning of the words is understood and when they are spoken with the purpose of conveying their meaning to others, utterance will be like that of living speech.

PROBLEMS IN PITCH VARIATION

1. *Emphasis by change of pitch and inflection*

1. God give thee the spirit of *persuasion* and him the ears of *profiting*, that what thou speakest may *move*, and what he hears may be *believed*.

Shakespeare: *Henry IV*, I, ii.

2. The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his *memory* for his *jests* and to his *imagination* for his *facts*.

Sheridan.

3. What in me is *dark*
Illumine, what is *low raise* and *support*.
Milton: *Paradise Lost*, I.

4. *Words* pass *away* but *actions remain*.
Napoleon.

5. 'T is not what man *Does* which exalts him,
But what man *Would* do!
Browning: *Saul*.

6. *Thurio*. How likes she my *discourse?*
Proteus. *Ill*, when you speak of *war*.
Thurio. But *well*, when I discourse of *love* and *peace?*
Julia (*aside*). But *better*, indeed, when you *hold* your peace.
Thurio. What says she to my *birth?*
Proteus. That you are *well deriv'd*.
Julia (*aside*). *True;* from a *gentleman* to a *fool*.
Shakespeare: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V, ii.

7. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop a vibration as in twanging them to bring out the music.
Holmes: *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

8. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *Proverbs* XXV, 11.

9. *Polonius*. How does my good Lord Hamlet?
Hamlet. Well, God a-mercy.
Polonius. Do you know me, my lord?
Hamlet. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Polonius. Not I, my lord.
Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Polonius. Honest, my lord!
Hamlet. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Polonius. That 's very true, my lord.
Shakespeare: *Hamlet*, II, ii.

10. Of all the heaven-descended virtues, that elevate and ennoble human nature, the highest, the sublimest, and the divinest is charity.

Stephens: *The Future of the South.*

11. My object at this time is to give encouragement and help to the "duffers," the class of "hopeful duffers." Brilliant students have every help, but second-class students are sometimes neglected and disheartened. I have great sympathy with the "duffers," because I was only a second-rate student myself. The subject of my talk with you is books.

Drummond: *A Talk on Books.*

12. I built my fortune on the dial of my watch; seconds became pennies, minutes became dimes, hours became dollars. I gave a money value to every tick and took advantage of everything that economized time. I never procrastinate; I never wait for other people to get ahead of me. I keep my eyes and ears open for opportunities; I look well into whatever seems good to me; when my judgment approves I act promptly and with decision. I don't know that there is any particular rule or law of success, but I'm pretty sure that one of the foundation principles is "Don't lose Time."

Not known.

13. *A street. Enter* CINNA *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First. Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Sec. Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go!

[*Exeunt.*

Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, III, iii.

2. *Clauses of complete thought*

14. My Lords, I have submitted to you, with the freedom and truth which I think my duty, my sentiments on your present awful situation. I have laid before you the ruin of your power, the disgrace of your reputation, the pollution of your discipline, the contamination of your morals, the complication of calamities, foreign and domestic, that overwhelm your sinking country. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totters to the foundation. All this disgraceful danger, this multitude of misery, is the monstrous offspring of this unnatural war.

Chatham: *Speech on American Affairs.*

15. "The world," says Tertullian, "has more of cultivation every day, and is better furnished than in times of old. All places are opened now; all are familiarly known; all are scenes of business. Smiling farms have obliterated the notorious wilderness; tillage has tamed the forest land; flocks have put to flight the beasts of prey. Sandy tracts are sown; rocks are put into shape; marshes are drained. There are more cities now, than there were cottages at one time. Islands are no longer wild; the crag is no longer frightful; everywhere there is a home, a population, a state, and a livelihood."

Newman: *Downfall and Refuge of Ancient Civilization.*

16. The works of the great poets have never yet been read by mankind, for only great poets can read them. Most men have learned to read to serve a paltry convenience, as they have learned to cipher in order to keep accounts and not be cheated in trade but of reading as a noble intellectual exercise they know little or nothing; yet this only is reading, in a high sense, not that which lulls us as a luxury and suffers the noble faculties to sleep the while, but what we have to stand on tiptoe to read and devote our most alert and wakeful hours to.

Thoreau: *Walden* (*Essay on Reading*).

17. A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us to-night to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans — and we fight for human liberty! The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression — this is our mission! And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of his millennial harvest, and he will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until his full and perfect day has come.

Grady: *The New South.*

18. And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in those caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into

the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of Liberty and Union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come.

Daniel Webster: *The Constitution and the Union.*

19. Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the Earth, — his hall the azure dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there 's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

Emerson: *Woodnotes.*

3. *Dependent and incomplete clauses*

20. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Shakespeare: *Macbeth*, v, i.

21. The hackneyed example of moral deliberation is the case of an habitual drunkard under temptation. He has made a resolve to reform, but he is now solicited again by the bottle. His moral triumph or failure literally consists in his finding the right name for the case. If he says that it is a case of not wasting liquor already poured out, or a case of not being churlish and unsociable when in the midst of friends, or a case of learning something at last about a brand of whiskey

which he never met before, or a case of celebrating a public holiday, or a case of stimulating himself to a more energetic resolve in favor of abstinence than he has ever yet made, then he is lost. His choice of the wrong name seals his doom. But if, in spite of all the plausible good names with which his thirsty fancy so copiously furnishes him, he unwaveringly clings to the truer bad name, and apperceives the case as that of "being a drunkard, being a drunkard, being a drunkard," his feet are planted on the road to salvation. He saves himself by thinking rightly.

William James: *Talks to Teachers.*[1]

22. His style of speech and manner of delivery were severely simple. What Lowell called "the grand simplicities of the Bible," with which he was so familiar, were reflected in his discourse. With no attempt at ornament or rhetoric, without parade or pretence, he spoke straight to the point. If any came expecting the turgid eloquence or the ribaldry of the frontier, they must have been startled at the earnest and sincere purity of his utterances. It was marvellous to see how this untutored man, by mere self-discipline and the chastening of his own spirit, had outgrown all meretricious arts and found his way to the grandeur and strength of absolute simplicity.

Joseph H. Choate: *Lincoln as a Lawyer and Orator.*[2]

23. Our usual diet on the plantation was corn bread and pork, but on Sunday morning my mother was permitted to bring down a little molasses from the "big house" for the three children, and when it was received how I did wish that every day was Sunday! I would get my tin plate and hold it up for the sweet morsel, but I would always shut my eyes while the molasses was being poured into the plate, with the hope that when I opened them I would be surprised to see how much I had got. When I opened my eyes I would tip the plate in one direction and another, so as to make the mo-

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[2] Used with the kind permission of the author.

lasses spread all over it, in the full belief that there would be more of it and that it would last longer if spread out in this way. My share of the syrup was usually about two tablespoonfuls, and those two spoonfuls of molasses were much more enjoyable to me than is a fourteen-course dinner after which I am to speak.

Booker T. Washington: *Up from Slavery.*[1]

24. And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

Tennyson: *Enoch Arden.*

4. *Subordination and interrupted clauses*

25. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

Lamb: *A Dissertation on Roast Pig.*

26. To try thy eloquence, now 't is time; dispatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers.

Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra,* III, x.

27. But a brook hath ta'en —
A little rill of scanty stream and bed —
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain.

Byron: *Childe Harold.* (Canto IV, 65.)

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28. Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement.
Shakespeare: *Richard II*, I, i.

29. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, II, ii.

30. The genius of the people, stimulated to prodigious activity by freedom, by individualism, by universal education, has subjected the desert and abolished the frontier.

31. As, when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower,
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy.
Milton: *Paradise Lost*, II, 488–502.

32. The mind of man is peopled, like some silent city, with a sleeping company of reminiscences, associations, impressions, attitudes, emotions, to be awakened into fierce activity at the touch of words. By one way or another, with a fanfaronnade of the marching trumpets, or stealthily, by

noiseless passages and dark posterns, the troop of suggesters enters the citadel to do its work within. The procession of beautiful sounds that is a poem passes in through the main gate, and forthwith the by-ways resound to the hurry of ghostly feet, until the small company of adventurers is well-nigh lost and overwhelmed in that throng of insurgent spirits. Raleigh: *Style.*

33. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low.
Byron: *Childe Harold.* (Canto III, 27.)

34. But, though forsaken by the fickle and the selfish, a solemn enthusiasm, a stern and determined depth of principle, a confidence in the sincerity of their own motives, and the manly English pride which inclined them to cling to their former opinions, like the traveller in the fable to his cloak, the more strongly that the tempest blew around them, detained in the ranks of the Puritans many, who, if no longer formidable from numbers, were still so from their character.
Scott: *Peveril of the Peak*, chap. IV.

5. *Contrast and comparison*

35. Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Shakespeare: *Richard II*, I, iii.

36. Does not the South need peace? And, since free labor is inevitable, will you have it in its worst forms or in its best? Shall it be ignorant, impertinent, indolent, or shall it be educated, self-respecting, moral, and self-supporting? Will you have men as drudges, or will you have them as citizens?
Beecher: *Raising the Flag over Fort Sumter.*

37. As gold
Outvalues dross, light darkness, Abel Cain,
The soul the body, and the Church the Throne,
I charge thee, upon pain of mine anathema,
That thou obey, not me, but God in me,
Rather than Henry.

Tennyson: *Becket*, I, iii.

38. What is the rule of honor to be observed by a Power so strong and so advantageously situated as this Republic is? Of course, I do not expect it meekly to pocket real insults if they should be offered to it. But surely, it should not, as our boyish jingoes wish it to do, swagger about among the nations of the world, with a chip on its shoulder, and shaking its fist in everybody's face. Of course, it should not tamely submit to real encroachments upon its rights. But, surely, it should not, whenever its own notions of right or interest collide with the notions of others, fall into hysterics and act as if it really feared for its own security and its very independence. As a true gentleman, conscious of his strength and his dignity, it should be slow to take offense. In its dealings with other nations it should have scrupulous regard, not only for their rights, but also for their self-respect. With all its latent resources for war, it should be the great peace Power of the world. It should never forget what a proud privilege and what an inestimable blessing it is not to need and not to have big armies or navies to support. It should seek to influence mankind, not by heavy artillery, but by good example and wise counsel. It should see its highest glory, not in battles won, but in wars prevented. It should be so invariably just and fair, so trustworthy, so good tempered, so conciliatory that other nations would instinctively turn to it as their mutual friend and the natural adjuster of their differences, thus making it the greatest preserver of the world's peace.

Schurz: *The Venezuelan Question. (Speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce*, Jan. 2, 1896.)[1]

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39. And what sort of business do we mean? Surely the larger sorts of legitimate and honorable business; that business which is of advantage both to buyer and seller, and to producer, distributor and consumer alike, whether individuals or nations, which makes common some useful thing which has been rare, or makes accessible to the masses good things which have been within reach only of a few.

Eliot: *Uses of Education for Business.*

40. Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

Shakespeare: *Henry VI*, Part III, III, i.

41. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Shakespeare: *Henry VIII*, III, ii.

42. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

Shakespeare: *Henry V*, I, ii.

6. *For general reading*

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Edward Everett Hale

43. Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, be-

cause he lost the fun which they found in shooting or rowing while he was working away on these grand letters to his grand friend. They could not understand why Nolan kept by himself while they were playing high-low jack. But before long the young fellow had his revenge. For this time His Excellency, Honorable Aaron Burr, appeared again under a very different aspect. There were rumors that he had an army behind him and everybody supposed that he had an empire before him. At that time the youngsters all envied him. Burr had not been talking twenty minutes with the commander before he asked him to send for Lieutenant Nolan. Then after a little talk he asked Nolan if he could show him something of the great river and the plans for the new post. He asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said, — really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough, — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped, — rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him

but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy, —

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say, —

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added, —

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them, — certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. The Secretary of the Navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor. But the commander to whom he was intrusted regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

The rule adopted on board the ship was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an

officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom, — he always had a stateroom, — which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the *Tempest* from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours,

and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said, —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically, —

> This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw that something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand? —
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well, —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on, —

> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self, —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again."

He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except

to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business.

I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said: —

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something?"

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas.*" The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said: —

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that

something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said: —

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

After this cruise I never saw Nolan again. The other men told me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well

he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story. Here is the conclusion of the letter: —

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written: —

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: —

"*In Memory of*
"PHILIP NOLAN,
"*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands." [1]

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Little, Brown and Company.

CHAPTER IV

EMPHASIS

16. *The cause of emphasis*

As grouping and pitch variation are the result of thought, so thinking determines emphasis. Words are given prominence according as they serve to reveal the precise meaning the speaker wishes them to convey. Observe the different meanings brought out by shifting the emphasis in the following sentence: —

I told you so. (It was I, not another, who told you.)
I told *you* so. (You did n't tell me.)
I *told* you so! (It 's happened just as I expected, but you would n't believe me.)

17. *Methods of emphasis*

The term "emphasis" is often thought of in a limited sense as referring merely to the added vocal force applied to a word to give it prominence; but there are several means of emphasis, of which vocal force, or loudness, is perhaps the least important. The setting out of particular words is effected in several ways, namely: by Inflection, Change of Pitch,[1] Pause, Force, and Prolongation of Accented Vowels.[2]

[1] See pages 52–55, sections 10 and 11, for discussion of Inflection and Change of Pitch as means of emphasis.

[2] In ordinary, spirited utterance all these forms of emphasis frequently occur together on one word, and rarely is emphasis of a word confined to one form only. But in reading aloud and formal speaking there is a strong tendency to limit emphasis to one or two oft-repeated forms. This is one of the reasons why reading and public speaking often seem unnatural, stilted, or monotonous. In this chapter the different means of emphasis are considered separately in order to demonstrate that *we do emphasize words in other ways than by force alone*, and to offer exercise in each that may help to extend the use of all conversational means of emphasis to the expression of thought in reading aloud and formal public speaking.

1. **Emphasis by pause.** A word or phrase is often made emphatic by a pause, which pause may occur either before or after the word it sets out. Read aloud the lines quoted below from Longfellow's *King Robert of Sicily*, in which is described the action of the king when he finds himself imprisoned at night in the deserted church. First read the lines without pauses or very strict attention to their significance; then picture the situation, imagine the state of mind of the king as you describe his acts, read the sentence with definite pauses, as indicated by the dashes, and note how the pauses add emphasis and make the thought and situation clear and vivid.

He groped towards the *door*, — but it was *locked ;* —
He cried *aloud*, — then *listened*, — and then *knocked*.

In reading aloud, the value of pause is often ignored, chiefly because the thought value of words is ignored. When the thought of the printed page becomes the clear, vivid thought of the reader, and when the desire to communicate it is definite and strong, pauses are frequent and natural. Time given to words is one way of measuring the ideas they stand for. It also gives the speaker and the listener opportunity to consider what is spoken.

The quotations below offer good illustrations of emphatic pause.

And yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any immediate process of change, *not* — a knocker, but — *Marley's face.*

Dickens: *Christmas Carol.*

And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith — virtue; and to virtue — knowledge; and to knowledge — temperance; and to temperance — patience; and to patience — godliness; and to godliness — brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness — charity."

II Peter, 1.

2. Emphasis by vocal force.[1] While the emphasis by pause seems to be more usually confined to particular words and phrases, vocal force, in conjunction with inflections, not only helps to make individual words emphatic, but it is also instrumental in showing the logical relation of interdependent ideas.[2] Thus: —

Whoever hath *meant* good work with his whole *heart* hath *done* good work, whether he lived to *sign* it or *not*.

Emphasis by a slight increase of vocal force, in conjunction with pronounced inflection and change of pitch, is illustrated in the lines from the *Merchant of Venice* (v, i) quoted below: —

Portia. *Music! Hark!*
Nerissa. It is *your* music, madam, of the *house*.
Portia. Nothing is *good*, I see, without *respect;*
Methinks it sounds much *sweeter* than by *day*.
Nerissa. *Silence* bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Portia. The *crow* doth sing as sweetly as the *lark*
When neither is *attended;* and I think
The *nightingale*, if she should sing by *day*,
When every *goose* is cackling, would be thought
No *better* a musician than the *wren*.

Sometimes in excited commands, exclamations and the like, the emphasis is largely that of vocal force: —

[1] Emphasis by vocal force and by inflection often go together, and what is sometimes taken for emphasis by added force is chiefly that of inflection. Little drill on emphasis by *loudness* is needed. The important thing is to recognize the relative values of words and the relation of ideas to each other.

[2] The added vocal force usually falls on the accented syllable of the emphatic word, the vowel of that syllable receiving the chief stress. An exception to this is found when words, differing but slightly in appearance and form, are used antithetically. The emphasis in such cases falls not on the similar but on the *dis*similar syllables, regardless of the normal accent of the word, since the contrast or comparison centers in these syllables.

One arrives at his conclusions by *in*duction, another by *de*duction.

Is he honest or *dis*honest?

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that *ap*prehend
More than cool reason ever *com*prehends.

"*Halt!*" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"*Fire!*" — out blazed the rifle-blast.
Whittier: *Barbara Frietchie.*

Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your native land!
Halleck: *Marco Bozzaris.*

3. Emphasis by prolongation of accented vowels. Words are given prominence by prolonging the vowel of the accented syllable. There is a suspension of voice on the sound, giving the effect of drawing out the tone. Compare the vowel length of the words "all" and "going" when emphasized and not emphasized in rendering the following sentence.[1]

Are you all *going?*
Are you *all* going?

Note in the subsequent quotation from Dickens's *Christmas Carol* the prolongation of vowels of the accented words: —

"How *now!*" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever.
"What do you want with *me?*"
"*Much!*" — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.
"Who *are* you?"
"Ask me who I *was.*"
"Who *were* you then?"
"In *life* I was your *partner, Jacob Marley.*"
"Can you — can you sit *down?*"
"I *can.*"
"*Do* it, then."

[1] It is easy to overdo this form of emphasis and to run into a style of speech in which prolonged vowels are more evident than the thought spoken. This mannerism is sometimes heard in exhortation when the speaker abandons himself to ardent, emotional appeal. It has been burlesqued in *A Georgia Sermon.*

"After commenting upon that portion of Genesis descriptive of the flood, the speaker 'warmed up' suddenly and broke out in the following strains: 'Yes, my brethren, the heavens of the windows was ōpened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the wāters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Jāpheth-ah, a-l-l — a-gwine into the ārk-ah.'" (Anonymous. See Cumnock's *Choice Readings*, p. 456. 1896 edition.)

18. *Value of the study of emphasis*

Exercises in the various methods of emphasis, explained and illustrated in the foregoing pages, are valuable means of clarifying the thought and of training the mind and voice to work together. Careless, vague thinking will be evident in carelessly placed emphasis, or in monotonous speech unrelieved by significant emphasis of any kind. On the other hand, definite, well-placed emphasis is positive evidence of attention and understanding. Good expression does not come by chance.

The study of emphasis is useful also as a means of overcoming certain mannerisms and faulty habits. It often happens that persons who speak or read with evident understanding and with well *placed* emphasis, are, nevertheless, tedious to listen to, because of the habitual use of but one or two forms of emphasis to the exclusion of all others. It may be that all important words are emphasized by the fall of the voice through about the same range of the scale in each inflection, or that words are given prominence by vocal force alone. The frequent or long-continued repetition of any particular modulation of the voice, which tends to a dead sameness of speech, is tiresome and taxing to the listener. In spirited, normal utterance, all modulations are combined to give words saliency. It is this variety that gives life to words and helps to keep alive the listener's interest.

Another difficulty encountered by the plodding or over-careful reader — over-careful so far as words are concerned — is that of attempting to give every word a place of importance.[1]

[1] Emphasis is regarded by many readers as the all important thing; but it is really the least important. Any untrained voice can emphasize. The difficult thing to do well is the opposite of emphasis — the slighting of certain

The fault may be illustrated thus : —

Speak the *speech, I pray you,* as *I pronounced it to you, trippingly* on the *tongue.*

But a little consideration will make apparent a great difference between this style of speech and that of ordinary, direct conversation. In conversation relatively few words are emphasized. The act of thinking is simple, the purpose of speech is clear, and the thought of a phrase is frequently centered in but one word, the word which is the point of strongest contact between the thought and the mind of the listener.

Simplify the emphasis in the following sentences : —

Who *overcomes*
By *force* hath *overcome* but *half* his *foe.*
Milton : *Paradise Lost.*

Cowards die many *times before* their *deaths ;*
The *valiant* never *taste* of *death* but *once.*
Shakespeare : *Julius Cæsar,* II, ii.

This was the *noblest Roman* of them *all.*
Ibid. : V, v.

The *voice all* moods of *passion* can *express*
Which *marks* the *proper word* with *proper stress,*
But *none emphatic* can that *speaker call*
Who lays an *equal emphasis* on *all.*
Lloyd.

subordinate parts of discourse. Whatever is sufficiently implied, or should be taken for granted, or has been anticipated, and, in short, all the outstanding relations of the main movement of thought and feeling, require to be slighted in expression, in order that they may not unduly reduce the prominence and distinction of the main movement. Only the well trained voice can manage properly the background of what is presented ; and if the background is properly managed, the foreground will generally have the requisite distinctness. When a reader endeavors to make everything tell, he makes nothing tell. Ambitious reading often defeats its own end. (Corson : *The Aims of Literary Study,* p. 123. Copyright, 1894, by The Macmillan Company. Used with the kind permission of the publishers.)

PROBLEMS IN EMPHASIS

The selections for practice should be studied with reference to each of the forms of emphasis. Train the ear by trying to distinguish between the emphasis by force, inflection, change of pitch, and prolonging of the accented vowel. Which predominates in reading a given sentence? Explain why you emphasize certain words and not others in reading any of the selections. Try shifting emphasis from one word to another, and note whether the sense of the passage is changed or obscured. Can you bring out the same meaning by emphasizing different words in a line?

1. *General problems*

1. We should do our utmost to encourage the *Beautiful*, for the *Useful* encourages *itself*.

Goethe.

2. *Attention* is the mother of *memory*.

Samuel Johnson.

3. The ball no question makes of *Ayes* and *Noes*,
But *Right* or *Left* as strikes the player *goes*.

Fitzgerald: *Rubáiyát*.

4. All things were held in *common*, and what *one* had was *another's*.

Longfellow: *Evangeline*.

5. Did ye not *hear* it? — *No*; 't was but the *wind*,
Or the *car* rattling o'er the stony *street*;
On with the *dance!* let *joy* be *unconfined*;
No *sleep* till *morn*, when *Youth* and *Pleasure* meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet —
But *hark!* — that heavy sound breaks in once *more*,
As if the *clouds* its echo would repeat;
And *nearer*, *clearer*, *deadlier* than *before!*
Arm! Arm! it *is* — it *is* — the *cannon's* opening *roar!*

Byron: *Childe Harold*, Canto III, 22.

6. The dry *land Earth*, and the great receptacle
Of congregated *waters* he called *Seas*.
Milton: *Paradise Lost*, VII.

7. She bore a mind that *envy* could not but call fair.
Shakespeare: *Twelfth Night*, II, i, 30.

8. One calls the *square round*, 'tother the *round square*.
Browning.

9. *Hamlet.* Horatio, — or I do *forget* myself.
Horatio. The *same*, my lord, and your poor *servant* ever.
Hamlet. Sir, my good *friend*; I *change that* name with you.[1]
Shakespeare: Hamlet, I, ii.

10. He gave to *misery* — all he had — a *tear*,
He gained from *Heaven* — 't was all he wished — a *friend*.
Gray: *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

11. The *first* of all English *games* is making *money*. That is an *all-absorbing* game; and we knock each other *down* oftener in playing at *that*, than at *foot-ball*, or any *other roughest sport*; and it is absolutely without *purpose*; *no one* who engages heartily in that game ever knows *why*. Ask a great *money-maker* what he wants to *do* with his money — he never *knows*. He does n't make it to do *anything* with it. He gets it only that he *may* get it. "What will you *make* of what you *have* got?" you ask. "Well, I 'll get *more*," he says. Just as, at *cricket*, you get more *runs*. There 's no *use* in the runs, but to get *more* of them than *other* people is the *game*. And there 's no *use* in the *money*, but to have *more* of it than *other* people is the *game*. Ruskin: *Work.*

12. I could be well *mov'd*, if I were as *you*;
If I could *pray* to move, *prayers* would *move* me:
But *I* am *constant*, as the *northern star*,
Of whose *true-fix'd* and *resting quality*
There is no *fellow* in the *firmament*.
Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, III, i.

[1] Note how the meaning of this line is made clear by means of inflection and change of pitch on "*change*" and by added force on "that."

13. But now abideth faith, — hope, — love, — these three; and the greatest of these — is love. 1 Corinthians, XIII, 13.

14. The little Road says — Go,
The little House says — Stay,
And O, it 's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.
Peabody: *The House and the Road.*

15. *Macbeth.* My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady Macbeth. And when — goes — hence?
Macbeth. To-morrow — as he purposes.
Shakespeare: *Macbeth*, I, v.

16. It is written, "The proper *study of mankind* is *man;* man is perennially *interesting* to man; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing *else* interesting.
Carlyle: *Essay on Biography.*

17. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a *foreign troop* was landed in my country, I would *never lay down my arms — Never — Never — Never!*
Chatham: *On Affairs in America.*

18. I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
Landor: *Finis.*

19. Antony sought for happiness in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction.
Lubbock: *The Pleasures of Life.*

20. . . . For my part, I can see few things more desirable, after the possession of such radical qualities as honour and humour and pathos, than to have a lively and not a stolid countenance; to have looks to correspond with every feeling; to be

elegant and delightful in person, so that we shall please even in the intervals of active pleasing, and may never discredit speech with uncouth manners or become consciously our own burlesques. But of all unfortunates there is one creature (for I will not call him man) conspicuous in misfortune. This is he who has forfeited his birthright of expression, who has cultivated artful intonations, who has taught his face tricks, like a pet monkey, and on every side perverted or cut off his means of communication with his fellow-men. The body is a house of many windows: there we all sit, showing ourselves and crying on the passers-by to come and love us. But this fellow has filled his windows with opaque glass, elegantly coloured. His house may be admired for its design, the crowd may pause before the stained windows, but meanwhile the poor proprietor must lie languishing within, uncomforted, unchangeably alone.

Stevenson: *The Truth of Intercourse.*[1]

21. *Count.* Come, come, Filippo, what is there in the larder?

Filippo. Shelves and hooks, shelves and hooks, and when I see the shelves I am like to hang myself on the hooks.

Count. No bread?

Filippo. Half a breakfast for a rat.

Count. Milk?

Filippo. Three laps for a cat.

Count. Cheese?

Filippo. A supper for twelve mites.

Count. Eggs?

Filippo. One, but addled.

Count. No bird?

Filippo. Half a tit and a hern's bill.

Count. Let be thy jokes and the jerks, man! Anything or nothing?

Filippo. Well, my lord, if all-but-nothing be anything, and one plate of dried prunes be all-but-nothing, then there is anything in your lordship's larder at your lordship's service, if your lordship care to call for it.

Tennyson: *The Falcon.*

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

22. He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

Byron: *Childe Harold*, Canto III, xlv.

23. There was a certain elderly gentleman who lived in a court of the Temple, and was a great judge and lover of port wine. Every day he dined at his club and drank his bottle or two of port wine, and every night came home to the Temple and went to bed in his lonely chambers. This had gone on many years without variation, when one night he had a fit on coming home, and fell and cut his head deep, but partly recovered and groped about in the dark to find the door. When he was afterwards discovered, dead, it was clearly established by the marks of his hands about the room that he must have done so. Now, this chanced on the night of Christmas Eve, and over him lived a young fellow who had sisters and young country friends, and who gave them a little party that night, in the course of which they played at Blindman's Buff. They played that game, for their greater sport, by the light of the fire only; and once, when they were all quietly rustling and stealing about, and the blindman was trying to pick out the prettiest sister (for which I am far from blaming him), somebody cried, "Hark! The man below must be playing Blindman's Buff by himself to-night!" They listened, and they heard sounds of some one falling about and stumbling against furniture, and they all laughed at the conceit, and went on with their play, more light-hearted and merry than ever. Thus, those two so different games of life and death were played out together, blindfolded, in the two sets of chambers.

Dickens: *The Uncommercial Traveller*, chap. XIV.

24. *Jaques.* All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
Shakespeare: *As You Like It*, II, vii.

25. Great honors are great burdens, but on whom
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon: and for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
Ben Jonson: *Catiline*, III, i.

26. A man is not strong who takes convulsive-fits; though six

men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot hold his peace, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man.

Carlyle: *Rousseau* (*Hero Worship*).

7. Old Age, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age. Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor (drawing back a little). We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age. I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years.*

Professor. Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age. I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor. Where?

Old Age. There, between your eyebrows, — three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token, — "Old Age, his mark."

Professor. What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age. Not at home. Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six, — sometimes ten years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then *Old Age* said again, — Come, let us walk down the street together, — and offered me a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of over-shoes. No, much obliged to you, said I. I

don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone; — got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

Holmes: *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

2. *For general reading*

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

O. Henry

28. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at eight dollars per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray back yard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week does n't go far. Ex-

penses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling — something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an eight-dollar flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and col-

lected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling-irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant school-boy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim does n't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he 'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I could n't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It 'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let 's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I 've got for you."

"You 've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You need n't look for it," said Della. "It 's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It 's Chrismas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my

head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed to quickly wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there 's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you 'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims — just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious

metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Is n't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You 'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let 's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They 're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.[1]

[1] Used with the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

PART II

IMPRESSIVENESS

CHAPTER V

IMPRESSIVENESS IN SPEECH

Eloquence is in the soul, not in the tongue.
Marmontel: *Discourse on Eloquence.*

19. *Emotion an essential factor in literature*

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

THESE lines are meant to give something more than businesslike instructions for burial. In them is a message of good cheer from one who welcomed life and whatever it brought with courage and gladness. Yet the stanza may be read without a hint of its virile heroism and joy. Obviously such reading would be inadequate and superficial. The ideas themselves are impotent and ineffective unless they strike deeper than the mind and stir the spirit with hopefulness and fervor. The letter without the spirit is dead.

Literature, the kind that people enjoy and like to hear read, is a record of the deeds of men and the way they think and feel about life and the world. "In all art," said Stevenson, "it is first of all the author's attitude that is narrated, though in that attitude there is implied a whole experience and theory of life." Now, however clearly we may think the author's thoughts, we do not get what he has to give until we understand his attitude of mind and have entered into his experiences and made them ours. A man may know by heart the ten commandments, but unless they are working principles of his life and influence his

conduct for good, they are not his in actual experience. If our imaginations fail to image the sweep and silent grandeur of "the wide and starry sky," if we are indifferent to the gladness of life, and if we do not feel the spiritual energy of Stevenson's poem as a whole, we cannot speak it with fidelity, nor can we hope to communicate to others its gladness and good will. We cannot give that which we do not possess. Not until we know and feel what the author thought and felt are we justified in speaking his words.

20. *Emotion the source of impressive speech*

When Lincoln made his *Address at Gettysburg* it was not his ideas alone that gave the speech its power, but the sincere expression of noble sentiment and emotion which impressed all who heard him. It was an appeal to the heart. The man made himself felt in all he said. So, in all reading and speaking, forcefulness is the result of the speaker's relation to the thought he utters, of the earnestness and intensity of his feeling about it. When he has felt a thought, when it has impressed and influenced him, the fact will be evident in his speech. The voice, as well as language, reveals how a speaker feels about what he says. It gives thought its emotional and spiritual value. "Force, the emotional quality of style," says Barrett Wendell, "I may define as the distinguishing quality that holds attention." Though this refers particularly to written language, it is equally applicable to speech. Without emotion, speech lays little claim to the attention of others. Unless a man means what he says, others will not give much thought to what he says. But nothing is more compelling than earnest self-devotion to an idea. The man back of a thought gives it force and carrying power. This is as true of reading aloud as of speaking one's own thoughts. Since it is the emotional quality of literature that determines its influence

upon us, the emotional energy of the reader, his interest, sincerity, and sympathy are vital to truthful and effective reading.

21. *Emotional pretense*

Perhaps it is the realization that the power of literature to entertain, interest, and impress us is derived largely from its emotional character that has so often tempted teachers and readers to put emphasis first and chiefly on the importance of producing emotional effects regardless of the thought to be expressed. But in literature it is the thought that stimulates emotion. To pretend to the spirit of a thing before one is sure of its meaning is to play the hypocrite. Feigned enthusiasm, when one is not sure of what one is enthusiastic about, is not so deceptive as it is dishonest. To assume a mood not prompted by a thought or situation can but result in artificiality and insincerity in speech. Moreover, to overdo emotional expression, to carry it beyond the reasonable bounds of the thought itself, is no less censurable. Repression of one's impulses is sometimes as important as expression. There is dignity and strength in self control. Quiet speech under circumstances that excite strong feeling is often most impressive. To strut and bellow and "tear a passion to tatters" may make even the unskillful laugh — when they should not. Loudness, rant, and frothy exuberance are "signs of doubt and fear" and self-consciousness, rather than of sincerity and strength The lofty style of affected declamation gives evidence tha the speaker is thinking more about himself than of what he is saying, that he is more eager to produce effect than to communicate thought and genuine feeling.

Bombast and affectation do not inspire confidence in the listener. Studied niceties or exaggerated feeling, in speaking of a beautiful day, the grandeur of a mountain scene,

or the grief one feels over the loss of a friend, would be no more displeasing and shocking than are conscious artificialities in speech, tone, or action in reading a poem. "There are no tricks in plain and simple faith." It is this sort of thing, the striving for effect by extravagant efforts and feigned emotion, that has brought elocution under the suspicion and condemnation of people of taste and judgment and common sense. Let the reader of earnest purpose first make sure of the thought of his author, that he himself is interested in it, and that his emotional response to it is consistent and genuine. Then, with that "divine repression of self" which prompts one to "do all gently," he may speak with real effectiveness and without fear of affectation or dishonesty.

22. *Individuality in expression*

The acquirement of an honest and forceful style, true to the individual, implies diligent discipline of one's mind and one's self, coupled with a degree of modest self-reliance and faith in one's own judgment, intuition, feeling, and native manner of expression. As individuals differ in temperament, taste, and experience, the shades of meaning they get from words and their emotional response to them will differ. The word "Mother" awakens in each individual feelings similar in tenderness, devotion, and love, but the mental picture of voice and face and person will be different in each case, and the emotional response will vary in obedience to associations awakened. In like manner, the images and experiences called up in the mind of each by a line of poetry will not be identical, and no two persons, if true to their own thought and feeling, will read the line in exactly the same way.

In reading such a poem as Tennyson's *Break, break break*, for example, the imagination of each reader will

build up a scene out of his own personal memories and subconscious associations which his experiences have given him. The sea, the rocks, the stately ships, the haven under the hill, the sailor lad singing in his boat, will constitute a picture in each mind unlike, in details at least, that held by any other. So, also, the intensity and quality of the mood of grief felt for one whose voice is forever stilled will vary according to personal experience, temperament, and sympathies. It follows, then, that two persons, reading the poem aloud for what it means to them, will not read alike. Each individual will read himself into the lines, voicing through them his own thoughts, his own soul. The most adequate reading, the reading truest to the spirit of the author will, of course, be given by the one whose experiences are most deep and rich, whose imagination and sympathies are quickest and most sensitive, and whose whole nature, voice, mind, and emotions, respond most readily to the spiritual appeal of the poem.

There have been a few excellent actors of Hamlet, but no two of them ever gave the part identical interpretations. The personality of the man, which is the result of all that nature and life have given him, determines his understanding and acting of the character. Each person, whether acting a part on the stage, reading a poem, or speaking his own thought, is revealing himself and his own character. "Believe me," says Archidamus in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, "I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance." Here is stated the fundamental principle of convincing naturalness in speech. Upon this principle one may rest with confidence that one's utterance, whatever weaknesses or technical faults it may have, will at least be honest and true to the individual. And expression without sincerity and individuality is not impressive or forceful.

23. *Imitation not true expression*

Some one has said that "there are no two persons alike; if there are, one of them is of no account.' It was Emerson who declared, "He is great who is what he is from nature and never reminds us of others." The most convincing and expressive speech springs from the very nature of the individual and never reminds us of others. It behooves each student to free his mind from the idea that the art of reading and speech can be learned by imitating some one else. It is an easy matter to prepare a phrase or line, a lesson, or a particular selection for reading, by imitating some one in speaking it, — and it saves time, — but there is little profit or real training in allowing another person to do one's thinking and work. Strength, self-reliance and self-control are not gained that way. Let the student who would read and speak well resolve to "speak not at all," as Carlyle said, "until you have somewhat to say," and to seek the counsel and criticism of the teacher who will help him to realize his best powers of mind and heart, and to gain self-control and self-reliance, to acquire a style of speech that shall be refined, normal, and true to him as an individual. Then, when the opportunity comes, he may speak with confidence as his "understanding instructs him and his honesty puts it to utterance." But honest utterance does not result from imitating others.

24. *Expression of feeling is normal*

A common difficulty in the attainment of that "emotional quality of style" which gives interest and force and commands attention is the aversion many have to expressing the feeling of what they read. This hesitancy to throw oneself into the spirit of a piece and to express its emotion is often the result of fear lest one seem to be striving for

effect, or be thought unmanly or sentimental. But the inconsistency of this attitude is easily apparent. On the playground, or when a student is in earnest conversation with his associates on a topic about which he has convictions and in which he has strong personal interest, no such dread or hesitancy is evident. Nor would his friends think of poking fun at him or accusing him of sentimentality because of strong and even impulsive expression of his feelings. Whether he speaks with earnest, quiet utterance about the necessity of getting behind the team in the coming game, or shouts vehemently on the field during practice, he is not derided because of his enthusiasm and emotion.

Now, classroom reading and speaking is concerned with matters no less vital and real than are those of every-day sports and student affairs. Every worthy piece of literature is as true an expression of the thought and feeling of living human beings under various circumstances and conditions of life, as are the ejaculations and urgent conversations of those hours when one is free from the formalities and restraints of the more serious business of the classroom, and demands as honest, considerate, and spontaneous expression.

"To conceal a sentiment," said Stevenson, "if you know you have it, is to take a liberty with truth." When one is sure one has the thought of a piece of literature and the spirit of it, it is hardly a mark of courage to repress utterance for fear of what others may think or say. And there is no need to fear. Genuine feeling, controlled and frankly expressed, commands respect. No apology is needed when one speaks feelingly of what one believes and enjoys. Good, honest reading demands that one be true to the spirit as well as the letter, and that the feeling as well as the thought be expressed steadily and truly. Every forceful speech and every impressive bit of reading derives power from the ardor and emotional energy of the speaker.

25. *Earnestness of purpose*

Furthermore, to devote oneself with energy to what one reads or speaks is good evidence of earnest purpose, as, on the other hand, failure to give one's best powers is evidence of lack of interest and personal concern. The student who feels that what he has to speak, even though it be but a few lines from some poem or oration assigned for class practice, is worth speaking for itself, that it may be so spoken as to interest and give pleasure, and that the motive of all effective utterance is primarily to instruct and influence others, will find it easy to forget himself, his embarrassment and fears. A realization of the opportunity the occasion offers and the demand it makes often helps one to speak with force and spirit. Indeed, the desire to share with others what one thinks and believes and enjoys is a normal result of interest, conviction, and earnestness. "No man," said the poet Shelley, "was ever yet convinced of a momentous truth without feeling within him the power as well as the desire to communicate it." It might be truthfully added that any man who is convinced of a truth and feels no desire to communicate it is not the sort of man he ought to be. Eagerness to speak is a part of preparation for speech, and a very essential part.

If the reading lesson is thought of only as a perfunctory duty to be performed as a part of the routine grind of the day, the reading can hardly be spontaneous or spirited or worth much, even as training. The motive back of a piece of work determines the spirit that goes into it and the benefit to be derived from doing it. When the reading of a piece of literature is made the occasion for the mutual sharing of fine, interesting, and enjoyable thought, the exercise becomes a potent means of awakening and strengthening the mind, imagination, and emotions and of bringing them

under control. At the same time the strongest incentive is given to natural, spontaneous, earnest expression. Reading is something more than the repetition of words. When effectively used, words carry the spirit of the speaker as well as the ideas they stand for. Earnestness, sincerity, and fervor are but ways of saying that the man is back of his words, that he finds life in them and rejoices in bringing his best powers to the expression of thought in the service of others.

26. *Poetry as a source of power in speech*

For one who would become an effective reader or speaker of his own thought, there is no better general preparation or means of education and growth for the work than the intensive study of poetry. The culture of mind and spirit gained through the influence of good poetry, such as is found in the Bible, in Shakespeare, and, indeed, in all poets whose work abides, is the kind of culture that is the secret of the reader's and speaker's power, for it must be remembered that whatever qualities speech may have to command attention come from within, from the man himself. Wordsworth defined poetry as "thought fused in feeling" and as "the finer breath and spirit of all knowledge." These definitions might be applied with equal truth to oratory. Both rest deep in the mental and emotional nature of man. The strong speech, like the strong poem, draws its strength from the imagination and the emotions no less than from the mind.[1] The appreciative reading of

[1] "Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or utterance of feeling; but, if we may excuse the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *over*heard. Eloquence supposes an audience. The peculiarity of poetry appears to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling confessing itself to itself in moments of solitude, and embodying itself in symbols which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. Eloquence is feeling pouring itself out to other minds, courting their sympathy,

poetry, whereby one comes in contact with the spirit of it, broadens and quickens the sympathies, strengthens the emotional nature, and educates the very faculties upon which impressive speech depends.

27. *Poetry as a means of voice training*

The sincere vocal rendering of verse affords one of the most effective means of bringing the voice under control and of making it responsive to thought, imagination, and feeling. The same might be said of strong passages from orations, were it not for the fact that the delivery of such selections tends too often to a stilted, declamatory style, quite inconsistent with natural expression and foreign to the thought and spirit of the orator. When the situation and conditions under which a particular oration was delivered are thoroughly understood and the occasion is thought of as a very real one, the recitation of it offers valuable training in speaking. Poetry and impressive speech both take their rise from the same faculties of man's nature. It is reasonable to conclude that the modulations of the voice requisite to the adequate voicing of poetry are the same as those found in the utterance of forceful orations. The influence of feeling over tone is heard in all expressive reading of verse and in all impressive speech. It follows, then, that whatever facility of vocal expression may be gained in rendering poetry will be added to the vocal asset of the speaker. The voicing of poems contrasted in thought and spirit offers the best kind of practice for securing range,

or endeavoring to influence their belief, or move them to passion or to action." (John Stuart Mill.)

"At the bottom, the instinct which produces a poem and that which produces an oration is nearly the same thing. Both find their root in emotion. Neither a great poem nor a great speech was ever built upon a purely intellectual foundation; and, in general, the effectiveness of either depends upon the character and force of the emotion which breathes through it." (G. P. Serviss: *Eloquence.*)

quality, variety in time and force, with all the varied shades of expression of which the voice is capable.

Finally, training in the expression of the spirit of literature, of which poetry is the highest and finest type, involves the education and control of the mind, the emotions, and the physical means of expression. True and adequate expression is not possible when one has not the voice and body under control. The voice may be weak and unresponsive and colorless; the body awkward and disobedient to the finer influences of thought and emotion; mannerisms resulting from wrong habits or imitation may hamper expression as a vocabulary of slang mars language. Practice in the problems involved in forceful utterance will help to coördinate the action of the voice with the mind and feeling, will give it range and flexibility, and will help to the acquiring of an individual and normal style of speech. Moreover, such practice will reveal causes of failure in expression, whether the causes be lack of clear understanding, or emotional unreponsiveness, or dullness of imagination, or deficiencies of voice. As a final admonition, it should be repeated that in all reading of selections the aim should be to express the thought and spirit for their sake, not with first attention to the particular modulations of the voice or the way it acts, but to find out how the voice acts of itself under the influence and stimulus of varying thoughts and feelings, and to increase its responsiveness to these impulses.

EXERCISE IN IMPRESSIVE SPEECH

The following adaptation of the latter part of Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* affords excellent material for rendering the voice obedient to the imagination and the emotions.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Washington Irving

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits

rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war. But these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded.

The immediate cause of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their

wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the Horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the Horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly

sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling; but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered, and his knees smote

against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a splashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in

stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind, — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip; but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, in-

stead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash, — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle,

and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and finally had been made a justice of the ten pound court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

CHAPTER VI

VOCAL ENERGY

28. *The modulation of vocal energy in speech*

One of the characteristics of expressive utterance is variation in vocal energy, or force. Read aloud the following lines and note the difference in the use of vocal energy between the narrative portion and the words spoken by Berkley.

> A moment there was awful pause —
> When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! Cease!
> God's temple is the house of peace!"
>
> T. B. Read: *The Rising.*

Let the reader put himself in imagination in the place of Berkley and utter his speech as a sharp, vigorous protest, and he will find that the words are set out by increased volume of tone and stronger stroke of the voice on the vowels. An indifferent, unimaginative reading of the lines, with a consequent uniformity of vocal force, would convey to the listener no very strong impression of their spirit, for the auditor is not apt to get more meaning out of words than the speaker finds in them and expresses through them. Unvaried vocal force, like monotone, indicates lack of understanding and interest on the part of the speaker, or failure to discriminate between ideas and to respond to their meaning and spirit. Or, to state the matter in a positive way, significant variety in the use of vocal energy is evidence of concentration of mental and emotional energy.

The degree and modulation of vocal energy, varying from the whisper of secrecy, alarm, or fear, to the shout of warning, joy, or triumph, are manifold as are the thoughts,

purposes, feelings, and circumstances that prompt speech. According to the motives of the speaker and the conditions under which he speaks, the energy of speech varies in (1) intensity, (2) duration, and (3) stress.

1. **Intensity of tone.** A certain intensity of tone pervades all earnest speech. This is true, whether the utterance be loud or soft, excited or calm. It is a common error to associate loudness with strength. It cannot be denied that strong feeling often finds expression in loud tones, but vocal noise is no sure indication of mental or emotional power. More often it gives evidence of lack of self-control. The subdued intense tone is sometimes more potent and effective than a loud one. The whispered "Hark!" of alarm is more impressive than the shouted word would be. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," because the man who can control his spirit in the presence of anger shows superior strength. In the well-known quarrel scene between Cassius and Brutus (*Julius Cæsar*, IV, iii) Brutus replies to the sharp and violent outbursts and threats of Cassius in a quiet, steady voice. Though not loud or vehement, the speech of Brutus is no less intense than that of Cassius. To him there is no terror in the rash and noisy threats of Cassius, but the firm controlled spirit and voice of Brutus brings Cassius to his knees. Intensity and impressiveness of tone, whatever degree of loudness it may have, depend on the clearness and definiteness of the speaker's thought, his motives in speaking, his interest, zeal, enthusiasm, and his self-control.

This aspect of vocal expression is influenced to such an extent by shades of thought and meaning, by kinds and degrees of feeling, by the temperament and speech-habits of the reader, and the particular situation and occasion under which he speaks, that it is not possible to formulate detailed classifications. Nor is it necessary here. But for

the purposes of study and practice, the following general principles and suggestions may prove helpful.

a. In the expression of earnestness and strong conviction, of heroic and martial moods, of emotions of wonder, awe and reverence, and deep solemnity, the utterance is marked by firm, strong strokes of the voice on the accented vowels. As speech becomes fraught with feeling it naturally increases in intensity, but not necessarily in loudness. This quiet, impressive style is exemplified in the utterance of the best speakers of our time. Loudness, rant, and forced declamation are not highly effective with listeners who know the difference between clear and earnest expression and pretentious noise. The sane and convincing speaker does not shout at the top of his voice, "Come, let us reason together!" Nor does he bawl out his reasoning or bellow his sentiments. The dignity, beauty, and power of the closing sentences from Webster's *Reply to Hayne* are best expressed, not by loudness, but by the sustained, firm, vibrant tone consistent with their elevated thought and deep feeling.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured — bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards" — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of

living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

b. In voicing the gentler emotions and sentiments of tenderness, love, resignation, peace, tranquillity, and enjoyment of the beautiful, the tone is naturally quiet, not weak or lifeless, but at once subdued and intense.[1]

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Whittier: *The Eternal Goodness.*

c. Ordinary conversation and quiet discussion, and, indeed, all grave and thoughtful speech in which the emotions exert no great influence, are characterized by a moderate degree of vocal force. In such reading and speaking, the chief purpose of which is to give information and communicate ideas, one should be careful to avoid two prevalent faults. One is a lax, careless, repressed utterance which renders speech indistinct and listening difficult; the other is undue loudness of voice, as if all listeners were deaf and must be shouted at. A well-modulated voice is a mark of

[1] It is difficult to make clear in writing the distinction between quiet, intense tones, and weak ones. But every one recognizes the difference between the soft, ardent voice of a loving mother in speaking to her child, and the flat, lifeless tone of the inefficient salesman who has been discharged and is serving his last day behind the counter and does not care whether he makes sales or not. Both may speak with the same degree of loudness, yet the tone of one pleases and attracts, the other repels; one is vibrant with emotional energy, the other is the result of mere physical effort sufficient to make the sound.

refinement, self-control, and regard for others. The considerate person neither roars like a lion nor aggravates his voice as "'t were any nightingale," but speaks with volume sufficient to make his words easily audible. The golden rule applies as well in conversation and common reading as to any other action affecting others. Read the following quotation, using a moderate degree of volume and making speech conversational, clear, and agreeable to the ear.

Certain physiologists are now telling us that the poetic praise of wine is based upon a mistake. Alcohol, they say, is not a stimulant but a depressant. It does not stimulate the imagination so much as it depresses the critical faculty so that dullness may easily pass for wit. An idea will occur to a sober man as being rather bright, but before he has time to express it he sees that it is not so. Under the inhibition of good sense he holds his tongue and saves his reputation. But in convivial company the inhibition is removed. Everybody says whatever is uppermost in his mind. The mice play, not because they are more lively than before, but only because the cat is away.

Crothers: *A Community of Humorists.*

d. Spirited, happy, and playful thoughts and moods, and light, rapid action are usually expressed with light (not weak) strokes of the voice. This will be evident if such lines as follow are read aloud with spirit.

There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There 's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

Bryant: *The Gladness of Nature.*

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match.

Browning: *Meeting at Night.*

e. When one speaks under conditions of intense excitement or in moments of triumph or strenuous action, or to

persons a long way off, the voice is sometimes used to the full measure of its power. In the interpretation of literature all degrees of vocal energy are required, and, while the voice is seldom taxed to its full capacity, the reader and speaker should have command of power when it is needed.[1] Try the appended illustrations a good many times, taking and holding a full breath and uttering the words with clear, strong tones, and increasing the volume a little with each repetition.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Macaulay: *The Battle of Ivry.*

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Macaulay: *Horatius at the Bridge.*

2. Duration. The term "duration" refers to the time given to the utterance of vowel sounds, and chiefly those vowels which receive some degree of accent. It is obvious that the length of time given to the vowels, together with pauses, determines the general rate of utterance of a passage.

a. Thoughts of profound significance, which inspire wonder or awe or reverence and stir feeling strongly and deeply, tend to prolong the sounding of the vowels. Note how the dignity and strength of thought and feeling of the passage quoted below are expressed by firm and measured utterance: —

[1] Practice for vocal power helps to strengthen the breathing and gives volume, fullness, and roundness to tone, but such exercise should be carefully done and should not be too long continued, else more harm than good may result and the voice be seriously impaired. Yelling at a football game can hardly be commended as a vocal exercise.

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

Tennyson: *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

b. In reading or speaking thoughts of a grave or serious nature, the appeal of which is, however, rather to the understanding than the emotions, the tones are neither greatly prolonged nor shortened, but are of medium or average duration. This is true of most reading done for information, and the common reading of magazine articles, stories, and the like.[1]

Read aloud the following paragraph of common prose with special care to give the vowels their due quantity, or amount of time, without drawling them on the one hand, or, on the other, clipping them so short as to make them indistinct, or eliding them altogether.

One of the most striking passages in modern literature is the paragraph in Mr. Spencer's *First Principles*, in which he describes the rhythm of motion. Motion, he says, though it seems to be continuous and steady, is in fact pulsating, undulatory, rhythmic. There is everywhere intermittent action and rest. The flag blown by the breeze floats out in undulations; then the branches oscil-

[1] In this kind of reading there is a strong tendency to attain speed at the expense of distinctness, pleasant variety, and natural expressiveness. No more important problem presents itself in the study of reading aloud than that of common, everyday reading. The ability and habit of reading distinctly, pleasantly, and well whatever comes into one's hand is a rare accomplishment, yet one which a little care and practice will bring. Let it be remembered that the purpose of reading aloud is to communicate ideas, not to get over a certain number of words a minute. No prizes are offered for speed in reading aloud. Even though the subject matter is of casual interest only, there is no excuse for careless, blurred, mumbled, jumbled, or monotonous reading, which taxes the listener and renders listening difficult. Anything that is worth reading at all is at least worth reading distinctly and clearly.

late; then the trees begin to sway; everywhere there is action and pause, the rhythm of motion.

Peabody: *Mornings in the College Chapel* ("The Rhythm of Life").

c. Animated, joyous, fanciful thoughts and moods, and gay, excited, or rapid action are naturally expressed by short vowel sounds, as illustrated in the subsequent examples.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
Shakespeare: *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, i.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good Speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
Browning: *How They Brought the Good News.*

3. Stress. The word "stress" is used to indicate the way in which vocal energy is distributed over the vowels, or, in other words, the way the voice strikes them. The greatest vocal force falls, obviously, on accented vowels. But the chief part of this energy is not always expended on the same part of the vowel. For example, we do not say, "I'm sorry," with the same stress we should use in speaking a determined, or defiant, "I won't!" The emotional import of the words, the speaker's relation to the thought, that is, his interest in and responsiveness to it, his motive in speaking, and his attitude toward those addressed, as well

as the circumstances under which he speaks, determine how the voice shall treat the vowels. The greatest degree of energy may be applied to (*a*) the first part of the vowel, or (*b*) the middle, or (*c*) the end.

a. In most of our utterances, and in all normal mental and emotional conditions, the greater energy is given to the first part of the accented vowel in what is known as the radical, or initial, stress. This stress is well illustrated in statements of conviction, authority, or command.[1]

"Forward the light brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Tennyson: *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, III, ii.

b. Sometimes, in the expression of exalted emotions, as awe, admiration, wonder, and reverence, the vocal energy is most strongly applied to the middle of the vowel. This stress is called "median," and corresponds to the swell of tone in music. The difference between "radical" and "median" stress is obvious in the ardent "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of the college yell, and the long drawn out "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" of exultation and triumph. Occasionally one hears the median stress in boastful, pompous, swaggering utterances, as in the sentence: "Oh, I tell you, I'm not afraid of you or any of your relations." The "median" stress prevails in many passages of Scripture, and in prose and poetry

[1] In apathetic, indifferent reading, where the thought makes little impression on the reader and where he has slight purpose or desire to communicate it clearly or vigorously to others, there is little stress of any kind. When there is no definite purpose in speech there is little purposeful direction of vocal energy. A definite stroke of the voice on the vowels is always perceptible in clear, convincing, and persuasive speech.

expressive of conceptions which strike the spirit with a sense of grandeur, sublimity, or power, and awaken awe, wonder, or reverence.[1] No passage in the Bible makes a stronger appeal to the imagination or expresses thoughts that have in them greater power to stir the spirit than do the opening verses of Genesis. Yet this familiar passage is so often read in a business-like, prosaic, and hurried utterance, without giving the imagination time to dwell upon the majesty of the scene and events described, that few seem to realize its sweep, grandeur, and spiritual appeal. It should be read aloud again and again, until something of its power is felt and revealed through the voice.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Genesis, I, 1–5.

c. Sometimes in expressions of insistence, impatience, intolerance, and antagonism, the greater force of the voice is thrown toward the end of the vowel, with cumulative energy. This is called final stress.[2] This peculiar vocal action is most

[1] There is little profit in conscious attempts to acquire this style when the spirit is not moved to such expression. Deliberate efforts to secure "median" stress are apt to sound forced and unnatural. Only as the feelings are deeply stirred will the tone be produced in this way. The chief value of considering it at all is found in the recognition that when full, strong stress is lacking in the utterance of passages of genuine spiritual appeal, when the tone is flat, spiritless, and impassive, the spirit of the reader is not strongly stirred or profoundly impressed. Effort should then be directed to opening the mind and awakening the soul to receive impressions of noble and exalted thoughts. Then only will the expressive power of the voice be realized.

[2] The over-use of the final stress is a habit and a fault which some individuals occasionally drop into. Its frequent use gives the impression of peevishness, petulance, or irritability, and of an abnormal state of feeling. Any-

noticeable in prominent and central words, and is seldom the dominant stress of the accented syllables of an entire sentence.

Ah miserable, and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Tennyson: *The Passing of Arthur.*

Ye *gods*, it doth *amaze* me,
A man of such a *feeble temper* should
So get the *start* of the *majestic world*,
And bear the palm *alone*.
Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, I, ii.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There *was* a *Brutus once* that would have brook'd
The eternal *devil* to keep *his* state in Rome
As easily as a *king*.
Ibid.

I am the *king*, and come to claim mine *own*
From an *impostor*, who *usurps* my *throne!*
Longfellow: *King Robert of Sicily.*

PROBLEMS IN VOCAL ENERGY

1. *Earnestness, reverence, martial and exultant moods, and solemnity*

1. There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty who has not dropped his head when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics, — every country where man is struggling

how, as a modulation of voice for daily, common use, it does n't need much practice. In impressive reading aloud, however, it is required, and is a necessary part of tone vocabulary, since in literature we find all thoughts and moods. If the spirit of the line or selection is caught, the stress will reveal it, when once the voice has been trained to responsive obedience.

to recover his birthright, — have lost a benefactor, a patron, in Lafayette. And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness, — to the sanctity of plighted faith, — to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, and of your Pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life — *the love of liberty protected by law.*

Everett: *Eulogy on Lafayette.*

2. When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

J. R. Drake: *The American Flag.*

3. This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Sill: *Opportunity*

4. A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal: "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and fourth signal for water was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are" — cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Booker T. Washington: *Up From Slavery.*[1]

5.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

Whittier: *Laus Deo.*

6. *Macbeth.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. (*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?
Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. (*Exit.*)
Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors,
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Shakespeare: *Macbeth*, v, v.

V. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Addison: *Hymn.*

8. *Enter Cromwell, amazedly*

Wolsey. Why, how now, Cromwell!
Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wolsey. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Cromwell. How does your Grace?
Wolsey. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Cromwell. I am glad your Grace has made that right use of it.
Wolsey. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
. . . . . .
Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him

What and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Cromwell. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, — prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakespeare: *Henry VIII*, III, ii.

9. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Psalm XXIV.

2. *Quiet and reflective*

10. Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Wordsworth: *Sonnet Composed upon Westminster Bridge.*

11. But the noble oaks and all these rock-shading, stream-embowering trees are as nothing amid the vast abounding billowy forests of conifers. During my first years in the Sierra I was ever calling on everybody within reach to admire them, but I found no one half warm enough until Emerson came. I had read his essays, and felt sure that of all men he would best interpret the sayings of these noble mountains and trees. Nor was my faith weakened when I met him in Yosemite. He seemed as serene as a sequoia, his head in the empyrean; and forgetting his age, plans, duties, ties of every sort, I proposed an immeasurable camping trip back in the heart of the mountains. He seemed anxious to go, but considerately mentioned his party. I said: "Never mind. The mountains are calling; run away, and let plans and parties and dragging lowland duties all 'gang tapsal-teerie.' We 'll go up a cañon singing your own song, 'Good-by, proud world! I 'm going home,' in divine earnest. Up there lies a new heaven and a new earth; let us go to the show." But alas, it was too late, — too near the sundown of his life. The shadows were growing long, and he leaned on his friends. His party, full of indoor philosophy, failed to see the natural beauty and fullness of promise of my wild plan, and laughed at it in good-natured ignorance, as if it were necessarily amusing to imagine that Boston people might be led to accept Sierra manifestations of God at the price of rough camping. Anyhow, they would have none of it, and held Mr. Emerson to the hotels and trails.

After spending only five tourist days in Yosemite he was led away, but I saw him two days more; for I was kindly invited to go with the party as far as the Mariposa big trees. I told Mr. Emerson that I would gladly go to the sequoias with him, if he would camp in the grove. He consented

heartily, and I felt sure that he would have at least one good wild memorable night around a sequoia camp-fire. Next day we rode through the magnificent forests of the Merced basin, and I kept calling his attention to the sugar pines, quoting his wood-notes, "Come listen what the pine tree saith," etc., pointing out the noblest as kings and high priests, the most eloquent and commanding preachers of all the mountain forests, stretching forth their century-old arms in benediction over the worshiping congregations crowded about them. He gazed in devout admiration, saying but little, while his fine smile faded away.

Early in the afternoon, when we reached Clark's Station, I was surprised to see the party dismount. And when I asked if we were not going up into the grove to camp they said: "No; it would never do to lie out in the night air. Mr. Emerson might take cold; and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing." In vain I urged, that only in homes and hotels were colds caught, that nobody ever was known to take cold camping in these woods, that there was not a single cough or sneeze in all the Sierra. Then I pictured the big climate-changing, inspiring fire I would make, praised the beauty and fragrance of sequoia flame, told how the great trees would stand about us transfigured in the purple light, while the stars looked down between the great domes; ending by urging them to come on and make an immortal Emerson night of it. But the house habit was not to be overcome, nor the strange dread of pure night air, though it is only cooled day air with a little dew in it. So the carpet dust and unknowable reeks were preferred. And to think of this being a Boston choice! Sad commentary on culture and the glorious transcendentalism.

. . . The poor bit of measured time was soon spent, and while the saddles were being adjusted I again urged Emerson to stay. "You are yourself a sequoia," I said. "Stop and get acquainted with your big brethren." But he was past his prime, and was now as a child in the hands of his affectionate but sadly civilized friends, who seemed as full of old-fashioned conformity as of bold intellectual independence. It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of his life, and

his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset. The party mounted and rode away in wondrous contentment, apparently, tracing the trail through ceanothus and dogwood bushes, around the bases of the big trees, up the slope of the sequoia basin, and over the divide. I followed to the edge of the grove. Emerson lingered in the rear of the train, and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat and waved me a last good-by. I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson of all men would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them. Gazing awhile on the spot where he vanished, I sauntered back into the heart of the grove, made a bed of sequoia plumes and ferns by the side of a stream, gathered a store of firewood, and then walked about until sundown. The birds, robins, thrushes, warblers, etc., that had kept out of sight, came about me, now that all was quiet, and made cheer. After sundown I built a great fire, and as usual had it all to myself. And though lonesome for the first time in these forests, I quickly took heart again, — the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds ; and as I sat by the fire, Emerson was still with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh.

. . . It was seventeen years after our parting on the Wawona ridge that I stood beside his grave under a pine tree on the hill above Sleepy Hollow. He had gone to higher Sierras, and, as I fancied, was again waving his hand in friendly recognition.

Muir : *Our National Parks.*

12.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days ;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways ;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin ;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within

My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young, —
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

H. H. Jackson: *Spinning.*[1]

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3. *Colloquial*

13. You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made, in various parts of Western Europe, of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions.

It has been proved that the old populations of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Esquimaux are now; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer, and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now — the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this; and, it is probable, that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia, than that of Western Europe. . . .

But, if we assign to these hoar relics of long-vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or boulder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own sea-board for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy, by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts;

there stand the stools of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land, before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the boles of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn.

When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch, in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the walls of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land, until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants, hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Huxley: *On a Piece of Chalk.*

4. *Spirited*

14. The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I 'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I 'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys, they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;

There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

Howitt: *The Wind in a Frolic.*

15.

I

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,
(*Chorus*) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you 'd say;
Many 's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —
(*Chorus*) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
(*Chorus*) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

IV

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I 've better counsellors; what counsel they?
(*Chorus*) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

Browning: *Cavalier Tunes.*

5. *Excitement and action*

16.

Re-enter Macduff

Macduff. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macbeth.
Lennox. } What 's the matter?

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
Macbeth. What is 't you say? the life?
Lennox. Mean you his majesty?
Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
(*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*)
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. (*Bell rings.*)
Shakespeare: *Macbeth*, II, iii.

17. *English Herald.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells!
King John, your king and England's, doth approach.
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
Open your gates and give the victors way!
Shakespeare: *King John*, II, i.

18. *Catesby.* Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!
Alarum. Enter King Richard
King Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Catesby. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.

King Richard. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him. —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! (*Exeunt.*)
Shakespeare: *Richard III*, v, iv.

19. Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world — "Let the King reign!"

Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe upon helm,
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!
Tennyson: *The Coming of Arthur.*

6. *Radical Stress*

20. *Polonius.* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Shakespeare: *Hamlet*, I, iii.

21. But justice is not this halt and miserable object! It is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords! In the happy reverse of all this, I turn from the disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I now have before me, august and pure! the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men! — where the mind rises; where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry and to help them; to rescue and relieve, to succor and save; majestic, from its mercy; venerable, from its utility; uplifted,

without pride; firm, without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that justice I rely; deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculations; not on words, but on facts! You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature, our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all, to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves, with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature; the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world!

Sheridan: *Speech at the Trial of Warren Hastings.*

22. They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago:
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
They cast their hope of human-kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered, — and their spirits turned to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We only truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

Lowell: *The Street.*

7. *Median Stress*

23. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fear shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes, XII, 1–7.

24. And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —

To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

Tennyson: *The Passing of Arthur.*

8. *Final Stress*

25. The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer,
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: — "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? —
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! —
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Scott: *Marmion*, VI, xiii, xiv.

26. *Petruchio.* Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Katharina. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go one and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hortensio. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so, it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.

Shakespeare: *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV, v.

9. *For general reading*

27. "A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You 're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You 're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What 's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with

his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round, — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that, — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him —— Yes, indeed, he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that

were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good-afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good-afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good-afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge, for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

Dickens: *A Christmas Carol.*

28. There is no escape by the river,
There is no flight left by the fen;
We are compassed about by the shiver
Of the might of their marching men.
Give a cheer!
For our hearts shall not give way.
Here's to a dark to-morrow
And here's to a brave to-day!

The tale of their hosts is countless,
And the tale of ours a score;
But the palm is naught to the dauntless,
And the cause is more and more.

Give a cheer!
We may die, but not give way.
Here 's to a silent to-morrow,
And here 's to a stout to-day!

God has said, "Ye shall fail and perish;
But the thrill ye have felt to-night
I shall keep in my heart and cherish
When the worlds have passed in night."
Give a cheer!
For the soul shall not give way.
Here 's to a greater to-morrow
That is born of a great to-day!

Now shame on the craven truckler
And the puling things that mope!
We 've a rapture for our buckler
That outwears the wings of hope.
Give a cheer!
For our joy shall not give way.
Here 's in the teeth of to-morrow
To the glory of to-day!

Richard Hovey: *At the End of the Day.*[1]

[1] From *More Songs from Vagabondia.* Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company.

CHAPTER VII

RHYTHM

29. *Rhythm in speech*

BROADLY speaking, all earnest and purposeful utterance is rhythmical. In reading poetry or prose aloud, or in speaking your own thoughts, you will observe that the progress of your thought and feeling is expressed in vocal beats, or pulsations, recurring with more or less regularity in time.

30. *The function of rhythm*

The peculiar function of rhythm is the expression of emotion, though all well ordered thought and action is, in a sense, rhythmical. There is rhythm in the multiplication table, rhythm in one's walk, rhythm in the alternation of day and night, and in the sequence of the seasons of the year. But in vocal and written expression, sustained and strongly marked rhythm is the result of sustained, strong, and controlled feeling. "The deeper the feeling," said John Stuart Mill, "the more characteristic and decided the rhythm." Poetry, the most perfectly rhythmic form of language, is essentially emotional. When read merely for its ideas, and without regard to its rhythm, or its emotion and spirit, it is no longer poetry, and its power, as poetry, is lost. When speech becomes strongly emotional, as in highly-wrought passages of oratory, or narrative and descriptive prose, it tends to drop into regular rhythmic order of equal, metrical time intervals.

31. *The rhythm of prose*

(1) In the thoughtful and earnest utterance of prose, one feels the undulation of vocal energy adjusting itself in intervals of time to the demands of thought and feeling. Read aloud the following examples, and observe how the feeling they carry finds expression in sustained and decided rhythm of utterance.

Let us resolve to crown the miracle of the past with the spectacle of a republic, compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love — loving from the Lakes to the Gulf — the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill — serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory — blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!

Grady: *The New South.*

The little voice, familiar and dearly loved, awakened some show of consciousness, even at that ebb. For a moment the closed eyelids trembled, and the nostrils quivered, and the familiar shadow of a smile was seen. The Doctor gently brushed the scattered ringlets of the child aside from the face and mouth of the mother. Alas, how calm they lay there, how little breath there was to stir them! Thus clinging fast to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world.

Dickens: *Dombey and Son*, chap. I.

(2) Though prose of pronounced emotional significance, such as the above, tends to somewhat regular rhythmic form, the rhythm of ordinary prose is determined largely

by the reader's understanding and interpretation of the thought. Since there is no set arrangement of strong and light syllables, as in poetry, prose rhythm is adaptable to the speaker's thinking. A change in his understanding of the meaning of a passage causes a corresponding change in the rhythmic accents of his utterance, these being adjusted in conformity with the sense emphasis; and though prose is not marked by that regularity of rhythmical beat which characterizes poetry, the excellent rendering of it gives the sense of rhythmical order and progress consistent with purposeful thinking. As an illustration of this, read aloud the following examples, giving emphasis only to the words underlined, allowing the voice to pass lightly over intervening ones, and observe the various shades of meaning brought out by the different readings and rhythms.

Will you go *with* me to-morrow?
Will *you* go with *me* to-morrow?
Will you *go* with me *to-morrow?*

Which of the following readings best expresses the thought of the sentence? Which has the more regular and decided rhythm?

I can easier *teach* twenty what were good to be *done,* than *be* one of the twenty to follow mine own *teaching.*

I can easier teach *twenty* what were *good* to be *done,* than be *one* of the twenty to *follow* mine own *teaching.*

I can easier *teach twenty* what were *good* to be *done,* than *be one* of the twenty to *follow* mine own teaching.

Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice,* I, ii.

32. *The rhythm of poetry*

Since poetry is metrical in form, with accented and unaccented syllables alternating with more or less regularity, the rhythmical stresses may not be placed wholly at the option of the reader, as in prose, but they must conform to the

metrical plan of the poem. Observance of metrical form alone will not, of course, insure good reading. A poem may be spoken with strictest attention to its structure and metre and yet be but "a dull, mechanic exercise." Emotional response to thought is vital in the reading of poetry. The more strong and true this response, the more readily will the utterance adapt itself to the metre and rhythm of the verse, for these are means by which the feeling of the poem is communicated. This being true, careful attention to the metrical form in reading aloud helps to a fuller and truer appreciation of the spirit of the poem. Metre and rhythm are addressed to the ear. They must be heard, if the emotion from which they spring is to be felt and communicated to others. The reading of verse with little regard for its metre, line-length, or rhythmic movement, betokens lack of understanding and appreciation and a feeble response to its spirit. Sympathetic adjustment to the thought of a poem, then, is an aid to better metrical rendering, and, on the other hand, accurate rendering is essential to the appreciation and enjoyment of it.

1. **Logical emphasis and metrical accent.** *a.* In normal verse forms, logical emphasis, that is, emphasis required by the sense of the line, does not clash with the regular metrical accent.[1]

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

Scott: *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto I.

[1] The temptation in reading verse, wherein correspondence of metrical and sense accent is pretty consistently carried out, is to sacrifice the sense of the line to the metrical beat. This results in "sing-song" reading. The student should remember that each line adds some new idea or image, and that when we are thinking well we do not express all thoughts in the same way, — on the same pitch, or with the same melody of utterance.

The charge of the gallant, three hundred,
The Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley and stay'd.
Tennyson: *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade.*

b. When the logical emphasis falls upon a word not metrically accented, both emphasis and accent should be placed as thought and metre demand, the important words being given prominence without undue violence to the regular metrical beat. In this connection it should again be observed that sense emphasis may be effected, not alone by vocal force, but by change of pitch, pause, or the lengthening of the emphatic vowel. Read aloud the lines quoted below, first without regard to the sense emphasis and with attention only to the metrical accent; then read them, giving both metrical accent and logical emphasis as indicated. How are the important words emphasized? By added force, higher pitch, or lengthened vowel quantity?

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old *man.*
Longfellow: *Evangeline.*

The lost *days* of my life until to-day.
Rossetti: *Lost Days* (Sonnet).

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is *twice* bless'd.
Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice.*

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have *strange* power of speech;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must *hear* me:
To him my tale I teach.

Coleridge: *The Ancient Mariner.*

I could be well *mov'd* if *I* were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.

Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, III, i.

c. It occasionally happens that the metrical beat does not fall upon a syllable normally accented in prose, and, to preserve the metre, it becomes necessary to shift the accent to an otherwise unaccented syllable. Thus, in the speech of Shylock (*Merchant of Venice*, IV, i), —

I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian, —

the usual prose pronunciation, "Bar*ra*bas," is sacrificed to metrical need, and the stress is made to fall upon the first and last syllables instead of on the second.

Sometimes, when the prose accent and the metrical beat do not coincide, the stress is distributed between the two conflicting syllables and a compromise is thus brought about which satisfies, in a measure, both the metrical and the etymological requirements. This sentence from *Hamlet*, I, iv, affords a good illustration.

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in *com*plete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous.

Here the usual pronunciation, "com*plete*," is modified by a division of the stress between the two syllables of the word, the first syllable receiving the greater stress, the last somewhat less than in prose utterance.[1]

d. Not only should the metre of verse be observed because poetic form demands it, but it will be found that the problem of rendering the meaning of difficult lines will often be simplified by giving due regard to metrical accent. A good example of this is found in the opening lines of Shakespeare's *Hamlet:* —

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo
Bernardo. Who 's there?
Francisco. Nay, answer me; stand and unfold yourself.
Bernardo. Long live the king!
Francisco. Bernardo?
Bernardo. He.

Many students, reading Francisco's first speech, will give emphasis to "answer," and little or none to "me." But analysis of the situation will make it apparent that such reading fails to give the significance that the line is intended to convey. Bernardo, suddenly coming upon Francisco, who is standing guard before the king's castle at midnight, exclaims: "Who 's there?" But it is not for him to challenge the guard. Why does he do it? The truth is that Bernardo knows of the appearance of the ghost of the dead king on two previous occasions and on this very platform where the men now face each other, and he half expects to encounter the apparition again. His hasty exclamation upon seeing the guard, and Francisco's prompt

[1] It should be explained here that, in conforming to the metrical stress required by the lines quoted from Shakespeare above, we are pronouncing the words as they were commonly spoken by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The point is that, though words may undergo change in accent and pronunciation, we are not justified in ignoring metrical form.

counter-challenge, "Nay, answer *me;* stand and unfold yourself" in which he reminds Bernardo that he, not Bernardo, is on duty, makes it clear that the latter has allowed his apprehension and excitement to get the better of his judgment. Even though the lines are being read for the first time, and the reader is ignorant of the situation, which is explained in the subsequent conversation, the accurate rendering of Francisco's speech will make him aware of the fact that, for some reason, both men are strangely alert and apprehensive of some ominous event. And this accurate rendering depends upon observing the metrical construction. It will be observed also that the effect of excitement is heightened by the short speeches of the two men.

Note how attention to the metrical beat in the following quotations helps to an accurate and forceful rendering of the lines. Were the sentences read as prose, more or less hastily, the importance of the words metrically emphasized in the verses might easily be overlooked.

O that a man might know
The *end* of this day's *business* ere it *come!*
But it sufficeth that the *day* will end,
And *then* the end is known.
Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, v, i.

For Brutus *only*, overcame himself,
And no man *else* hath honor by his death.
Ibid., v, v.

You wrong'd *yourself* to write in such a case.
Ibid., iv, iii.

He *hates* our sacred *nation*; and he *rails*,
Even *there* where *merchants* most do *congregate*,
On *me*, my *bargains*, and my *well-worn thrift*,
Which *he* calls *interest*. *Cursèd* be my *tribe*
If I *forgive* him!

Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice*, I, iii.

2. **Line length.** *a.* As it is essential that the rhythm of metrical beats should be observed in reading poetry, it is likewise important that the reader should regard the individual lines, or verses, of a poem as integral parts of it, and he should be careful to preserve, whenever possible, the integrity of the line as a whole. Generally speaking the rhetorical or sense pause falls with the usual verse pause at the end of the line, as in the following: —

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare: *Hamlet*, I, iii.

But there are many instances in which the sense is not complete with the end of the verse and the thought is carried over into the next, in what are known as "run-on" lines. Such constructions are frequent in blank verse. Here is a good example from the *Merchant of Venice*, I, ii.

Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

The careful reader, in voicing these lines, will mark the end of the verses with a slight suspending of the tone on "before" and "return," and, while guarding against a forced or mechanical rendering, will not sacrifice the pleasurable sense of rhythmic order and completeness to the

demand of prosaic ears. It will be found that the sense of line completeness may sometimes be given by a barely perceptible pause, or by a slight upward inflection, or by a change in pitch, which the sense of the line and the reader's ear must determine. More often, however, the end of the line is indicated, as in the foregoing example, by suspending the voice a little on the metrically accented vowel of the last word of the verse.[1] Other examples are: —

> And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
> But heard the call and came; and Guinevére
> Stood by the castle wall to watch him pass.
>
> Tennyson: *The Coming of Arthur.*

> There is sweet music here that softer fálls
> Than petals from blown roses on the grass.
>
> Tennyson: *The Lotus-Eaters.*

> We twó will lié i' the shádow óf
> That líving mýstic trée.
>
> Rossetti: *The Blessed Damozel.*

b. It may be worth while, in this connection, to call attention to the tendency of untrained readers of poetry to elide the sometimes metrically accented final syllable "ed" of words in which the syllable is not sounded in prose and

[1] The ability to render "run-on" lines with due regard at once to the rhythm and the thought, and with an effect of naturalness withal, comes only with the education of a sense of poetic form and much practice in reading verse aloud.

"It should be noted," says Professor Alden, in his *Introduction to Poetry*, p. 264, "that, even where there is little or no rhetorical pause indicated, a good reader may easily make a slight metrical pause at the end of the verse without dropping the pitch of the voice and thus injuring the rhetorical expression. No matter how free be the use of run-on lines, poetry is not well read when a listener cannot distinguish it from prose." (The author wishes to acknowledge here his indebtedness in the preparation of this chapter to the volume mentioned, and also to Professor Alden's *English Verse*. To those interested in the technique and art of poetry these books are especially commended.)

common speech. Usually, when the metre of a line requires the accent of this otherwise suppressed syllable, in such words, for example, as "nourished," the fact is indicated either by placing an accent sign over the syllable, thus: "nourishèd," or by the practice of writing "'d" for the "ed" of words in which the syllable is not to be given quantity. In the latter case "nourished," if it is to be sounded as a two-syllable word, would be written "nourish'd." This method implies that all final "ed" syllables not so abbreviated are to be voiced. Thus, in the lines

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

and

it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown,

the final syllable of "strain'd" is elided while that of "throned" is sounded.

The reader should be careful to give quantity to final "ed" syllables whenever the metre and the line length demand it. Note that in the first example given below the sounding of this syllable in "nourished" is required both by the metre and the rhyme.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice*, III, ii.

It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd.
Ibid., IV, i.

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
Tennyson: *The Lotus-Eaters.*

33. *Rhythm and time*

One of the characteristics of rhythm is movement in time. Though all speech rhythm implies some form of metrical arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables, irregular in prose, more regular in verse, the general rate of utterance, or tempo, as it is called in music, is determined by the speaker's mind, the earnestness and intensity of his feeling, and the importance and weight of the thought and the mood induced by it. Within certain limits imposed by vowel quantities of words, any metre may be rendered in any time. While in poetry certain metrical forms are better adapted to the expression of given moods than others, as for example, the three-syllable foot (dactylic as in "mērrĭlў"; anapestic, as in "pĕrsĕvēre") for spirited, happy emotions, illustrated in such lines as

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances.
Scott: Boat Song, from *Lady of the Lake.*

As light as the tips of the drops of the rain.
Riley: *Out to Old Aunt Mary's.*

and the two-syllable foot (trochaic, as in "sōrrŏw"; iambic, as in "fŏrgēt") for grave and tragic moods, found in

O the long and dreary Winter!
Longfellow: *Hiawatha.*

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice,* I,

the spirit of a poem and the character and significance of its thought are communicated rather through the general time given to the utterance of the lines than through metri-

cal form.[1] The beats occur at approximately regular time intervals, but these intervals may be long or short, as the thought and its associated emotions dictate. The movement of speech, for the sake of illustration and practice, may be designated in a general way as slow, medium, and fast.[2]

1. **Slow time.** Thoughts of the mysterious, the wonderful and sublime, and all such as make strong demands on imagination and feeling, and in which the "mind's reach exceeds its grasp," find expression in slow movement. The weight and significance of a thought is measured in time, and time is required for the mind to think broadly and deeply.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Wordsworth: *Intimations of Immortality*, v.

[1] The relation of rhythm to metre may be illustrated in this way. A bolt of cloth being measured with a yardstick may be passed slowly or rapidly under the measure. But whether the rate be fast or slow, regular or irregular, the standard of measurement remains unchanged. In like manner the rhythm of a given poem may be rapid or slow; it may change with the changing mood of the speaker or with different occasions; but the metre, or measure, remains constant.

[2] The illustrations of Rhythm and Time are offered merely to show the expressive value and significance of time in speech. As shades of thought and feeling are infinite, so we may expect to find, in all truly expressive utterance, all degrees of variation in the time between the extremes illustrated. No arbitrary, fixed standard of time can be set for the reading of any given piece of literature or for any line or portion of it. At best only the approximate time can be suggested. The rate of speech will vary with individuals and with the changing thought and mood of the piece and of the reader, and there is no more certain test of the reader's understanding of the meaning of what he reads, and of his participation in the spirit of it, than that of the rate of his utterance as his reading progresses. Mere slowness, for the sake of slowness, or rapidity for rapidity alone, avail little in reading. Only as these spring from a realization of the spirit of the piece itself are they truly expressive.

2. Medium time. In serious conversation and ordinary calm discussion, — in all grave talk, indeed, in which no particularly strong appeal is made to the emotions, — the rate of utterance is normally average, that is, neither pronouncedly slow nor rapid.

Now, I tell you, a poem must be kept and *used*, like a meerschaum, or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum; the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity, — its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So you see it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with our nature, by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

Holmes: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

3. Fast time. It is natural to voice buoyant, playful, fanciful, and joyous thoughts more rapidly and lightly than those of a solemn, sober, and serious nature. The spirit of Riley's *The South Wind and the Sun*, for example, is lost if the lines are read with ponderous slowness, or even with the average time of grave conversation. To illustrate, read the opening lines of the poem, first with deliberate, or slow utterance, and then with the spirited movement their vivacious mood demands, and observe how much more consistent the latter reading is and how it helps one to catch the spirit of the verse.

O the South Wind and the Sun!
How each loved the other one—
Full of fancy — full of folly —
Full of jollity and fun!
How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
With glowing face, and lisping lip,
Low laugh, and lifted shout!

Excitement and tense, strenuous, quick action also obviously find their true expression in accelerated utterance. This may be illustrated by contrast, as was done in the preceding example. In reading the following lines from Scott's *Marmion* (Canto VI), set an arbitrarily slow pace in telling of the flight of Marmion from the castle of his enemy, Douglas. Then read the lines with that rate of speech which the hasty action prompts. What is the difference in the effect of the two readings?

Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

PROBLEMS IN RHYTHM

1. *Rhythm of prose.*

1. I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the

dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

Thoreau: *Walden* (Essay on "Economy").

2. There is a modern English picture which the genius of Hawthorne might have inspired. The painter calls it, "How they met themselves." A man and a woman, haggard and weary, wandering lost in a sombre wood, suddenly meet the shadowy figures of a youth and a maid. Some mysterious fascination fixes the gaze and stills the hearts of the wanderers, and their amazement deepens into awe, as they gradually recognize themselves as once they were; the soft bloom of youth upon their rounded cheeks, the dewy light of hope in their trusting eyes, exulting confidence in their springing step, themselves blithe and radiant with the glory of the dawn. To-day and here we meet ourselves. Not to these familiar scenes alone — yonder college-green with its reverend traditions; the historic bay beating forever with the muffled oars of Barton and of Abraham Whipple; here, the humming city of the living; there, the peaceful city of the dead; — not to these only or chiefly do we return, but to ourselves as we once were. . . .

Happy the worn and weary man and woman in the picture, could they have felt their older eyes still glistening with that earlier light, and their hearts yet beating with undiminished sympathy and aspiration. Happy we, brethren, whatever may have been achieved, whatever left undone, if,

returning to the home of our earlier years, we bring with us the illimitable hope, the unchilled resolution, the inextinguishable faith of youth. It was as scholars that you were here; it is to the feeling and life of scholars that you return.

George William Curtis: *The Leadership of Educated Men.*[1]

3. It may be easy to prove that the ascent of Apollo in his chariot signifies nothing but the rising of the sun. But what does the sunrise itself signify to us? . . . If, for us also, as for the Greek, the sunrise means daily restoration to the sense of passionate gladness and of perfect life, — if it means the thrilling of new strength through every nerve, — the shedding over us of a better peace than the peace of night, in the power of the dawn; — if the sun itself is an influence, to us also, of spiritual good — and becomes thus in reality, not in imagination, to us also, a spiritual power, — we may then soon over-pass the narrow limit of conception which kept that power impersonal, and rise with the Greek to the thought of an angel who rejoiced as a strong man to run his course, whose voice, calling to life and to labor, rang round the earth, and whose going forth was to the ends of heaven.

Ruskin: *The Queen of the Air.*

4. Moreover, I saw in my dream, that as they went on, Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name was Talkative, walking at a distance beside them; for in this place there was room enough for them all to walk.

[1] From Orations and Addresses. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers. Used with the kind permission of the publishers.

He was a tall man, and something more comely at a distance than at hand. To this man Faithful addressed himself in this manner:

Faithful. Friend, whither away? Are you going to the heavenly country?

Talkative. I am going to the same place.

Faithful. That is well; then I hope we may have your good company?

Talkative. With a very good will will I be your companion.

Faithful. Come on, then, let us go together, and let us spend our time in discoursing of things that are profitable.

Talkative. To talk of things that are good, to me is very acceptable, with you or with any other; and I am glad that I have met with those that incline to so good a work; for, to speak the truth, there are but few that care thus to spend their time as they are in their travels, but choose much rather to be speaking of things to no profit; and this hath been a trouble to me. . . .

Faithful. Well, then, what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon?

Talkative. What you will. I will talk of things heavenly, or things earthly; things moral, or things evangelical; things sacred, or things profane; things past, or things to come; things foreign, or things at home; things more essential, or things circumstantial; provided that all be done to our profit.

Now did Faithful begin to wonder; and stepping to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him, but softly, What a brave companion have we got! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim.

At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, This man with whom you are so taken, will beguile with this tongue of his, twenty of them that know him not.

Faithful. Do you know him, then?

Christian. Know him! Yes, better than he knows himself.

Faithful. Pray, what is he?

Christian. His name is Talkative: he dwelleth in our town. I wonder that you should be a stranger to him, only I consider that our town is large.

Faithful. Whose son is he? And whereabout doth he dwell?

Christian. He is the son of one Saywell. He dwelt in Prating Row; and he is known of all that are acquainted with him by the name of Talkative of Prating Row; and notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a sorry fellow.

Faithful. Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

Christian. That is, to them that have not a thorough acquaintance with him, for he is best abroad; near home he is ugly enough. . . . I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, and for any talk; as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth. Religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.

Faithful. Say you so! Then am I in this man greatly deceived.

Christian. Deceived! You may be sure of it. Remember the proverb, "They say, and do not;" but "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power."

Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress* (Fifth Stage).

2. *Normal, regular verse*

5. In men whom men denounce as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

Joaquin Miller: *Mankind.*

6. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

Longfellow: *The Building of the Ship.*

7. Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

Burns: *The Selkirk Grace.*

8. Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Browning: *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, Stanza 1.

9. *First of November*, — the Earthquake day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.

Holmes: *The One-Hoss Shay.*

3. *Irregular verse*

10. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, IV, iii.

11. Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is Good steadily hastening towards immortality,
And the vast all that is call'd Evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead.

Whitman.

12. Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Tennyson.

13. Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung.

Scott: *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, VI, i.

14. I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear —
"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

Shelley: *Ozymandias.*

4. *Run-on lines*

15. My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father to the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth: *The Rainbow.*

16. They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Lowell: *Stanzas on Freedom.*

17. Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good, so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

Whittier: *Conduct.*

18. I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity.

Tennyson: *Guinevere.*

19. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then,
Unequal, fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do?

Thomson: *The Seasons.*

20. I stood within the Coliseum's walls,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved darkly in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach

Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old, —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Byron: *Manfred*, III, iv.

21. (*A Song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself*)

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I 'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bassanio. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnéd error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispéd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposéd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiléd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice*, III, ii.

5. *Slow time*

22. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

. . . . . .

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe: *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

23. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave.
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Gray: *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

24. What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew;
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey;
It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

Byron: *The Prisoner of Chillon.*

25. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. . . .

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of the wing.

Ingersoll: *Address at his Brother's Funeral.*[1]

26. God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

[1] From vol. XII of the *Collected Works of Robert G. Ingersoll.* Used with the kind permission of the publisher, C. P. Farrell.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

Kipling: *Recessional.*

6. *Average time*

27. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is the end of the greatness of England. But what *is* greatness? — culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea tomorrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind, — would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness, — the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed?

Matthew Arnold: *Sweetness and Light.*

28. 'T was June on the face of the earth, June with the rose's breath,
When life is a gladsome thing, and a distant dream is death;

There was gossip of birds in the air, and the lowing of herds
by the wood,
And a sunset gleam in the sky that the heart of a man holds
good;
Then the nun-like Twilight came, violet-vestured and still,
And the night's first star outshone afar on the eve of
Bunker Hill.

Clinton Scollard: *On the Eve of Bunker Hill.*[1]

29. General Lee was never known to betray on any battlefield a sign, either of exultation or disappointment. As he witnessed the last grand effort of his men, and saw it fail, he was seen for a moment to place his finger thoughtfully between his lips. Presently he rode quietly in front of the woods, rallying and encouraging the broken troops, uttering words of cheer and encouragment. To a foreign military officer of rank, who had come to witness the battle, he said very simply: "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, — a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories."

Pollard: *The Lost Cause* (The Battle of Gettysburg).[2]

30. Talking of locks reminds me of an accident George and I very nearly had one summer's morning at Hampton Court.

It was a glorious day, and the lock was crowded; and, as is a common practice up the river, a speculative photographer was taking a picture of us all as we lay upon the rising waters.

I did not catch what was going on at first, and was, therefore, extremely surprised at noticing George hurriedly smooth out his trousers, ruffle up his hair, and stick his cap on in a rakish manner at the back of his head, and then, assuming an expression of mingled affability and sadness, sit down in a graceful attitude, and try to hide his feet.

My first idea was that he had suddenly caught sight of some girl he knew, and I looked about to see who it was.

[1] From *Ballads of Valor and Victory*, Fleming H. Revell and Company. Used with the kind permission of the author.

[2] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, E. B. Treat and Company.

Everybody in the lock seemed to have been suddenly struck wooden. They were all standing or sitting about in the most quaint and curious attitudes I have ever seen off a Japanese fan. All the girls were smiling. Oh, they did look so sweet! And all the fellows were frowning, and looking stern and noble.

And then, at last, the truth flashed across me, and I wondered if I should be in time. Ours was the first boat, and it would be unkind of me to spoil the man's picture, I thought.

So I faced round quickly, and took up a position in the prow, where I leant with careless grace upon the hitcher, in an attitude suggestive of agility and strength. I arranged my hair with a curl over the forehead, and threw an air of tender wistfulness into my expression, mingled with a touch of cynicism, which I am told suits me.

As we stood waiting for the eventful moment, I heard some one behind call out:

"Hi! look at your nose."

I could not turn round to see what was the matter, and whose nose it was that was to be looked at. I stole a side glance at George's nose! It was all right — at all events, there was nothing wrong with it that could be altered. I squinted down at my own, and that seemed all that could be expected also.

"Look at your nose, you stupid ass!" came the same voice again, louder.

And then another voice cried:

"Push your nose out, can't you — you two with the dog!"

Neither George nor I dared to turn round. The man's hand was on the cap, and the picture might be taken any moment. Was it us they were calling to? What was the matter with our noses? Why were they to be pushed out!

But now the whole lock started yelling, and a stentorian voice from the back shouted:

"Look at your boat, sir: you in the red and black caps. It's your two corpses that will get taken in that photo, if you ain't quick."

We looked then, and saw that the nose of our boat had got fixed under the woodwork of the lock, while the incoming water was rising all round it, and tilting it up. In another moment we should be over. Quick as thought, we each seized an oar, and a vigorous blow against the side of the lock with the butt-ends released the boat, and sent us sprawling on our backs.

We did not come out well in that photograph, George and I. Of course, as was to be expected, our luck ordained it that the man should set his wretched machine in motion at the precise moment that we were both lying on our backs with a wild expression of "Where am I? and what is it?" on our faces, and our four feet waving madly in the air.

Our feet were undoubtedly the leading article in that photograph. Indeed, very little else was to be seen. They filled up the foreground entirely. Behind them, you caught glimpses of the other boats, and bits of the surrounding scenery; but everything and everybody else in the lock looked so utterly insignificant and paltry compared with our feet, that all the other people felt quite ashamed of themselves, and refused to subscribe to the picture.

The owner of one steam launch, who had bespoke six copies, rescinded the order on seeing the negative. He said he would take them if anybody could show him his launch, but nobody could. It was somewhere behind George's right foot.

There was a good deal of unpleasantness over the business. The photographer thought we ought to take a dozen copies each, seeing that the photo was about nine-tenths us, but we declined. We said we had no objection to being photo'd full-length, but we preferred being taken the right way up.

Jerome: *Three Men in a Boat.*[1]

31. A fire-mist and a planet, —
A crystal and a cell, —
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company.

Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon, —
The infinite, tender sky, —
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high, —
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod, —
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in, —
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod, —
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, —
A mother starved for her brood, —
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod, —
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth: *Each in His Own Tongue.*[1]

7. Spirited utterance; fast time

32. The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;

[1] From *Each in His Own Tongue and Other Poems*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Used with the kind permission of the author.

The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn:
God 's in His heaven —
All 's right with the world!
Browning: *Pippa Passes* (Pippa's Song).

33. Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,
All at a flash like the darting of flame,
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian —
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple,
And ruffs of russet round each little throat,
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,
Mariners sailing with never a boat.
Edwin Arnold: *The Swallows.*

34. How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest;
Cabot, and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest.
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came,
But, in great Heaven's name,
How *he* should ever think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste, terra firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.
. . . . . .
What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
None of them ever said, "Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West, and the East will be found."
Many a day before
Ever they 'd come ashore,
Sadder and wiser men,
They 'd have turned back again;
And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.
Clough: *Columbus.*

35. They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig;
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in;
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."
Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back, —
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

Edward Lear: *The Jumblies.*

36. A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."
And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."
It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."
It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet — in quiet lie."

Longfellow: *Daybreak.*

8. *For general reading*

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN[1]

A CHILD'S STORY

Robert Browning

I

37. Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;

[1] In abridging *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* the author has been helped by the cutting of the poem found in Charles Wesley Emerson's *Evolution of Expression*, volume i.

But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by ten and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"— when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
  And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
  And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

XIV

Alas, alas! for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate

As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They call it the Pied Piper's Street —
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

CHAPTER VIII

VOCAL QUALITY

34. *Definition of vocal quality.*

THE term vocal quality is applicable to two conditions of voice. It denotes (1) that distinctive and relatively permanent character, or timbre, by which the voice of one person is distinguished from that of another, and (2) the modulations of tone of an individual voice by which emotional states, such as joy, sorrow, fear, doubt, or affection, are expressed.[1]

35. *What determines vocal quality*

The difference in the quality of voices is due to difference in the form of vibrations. The tone produced by the vibration of the vocal bands alone, if these could be set out from the rest of the vocal instrument, would be thin and characterless, but when it is reinforced by the secondary vibrations of the resonant spaces of throat, nasal chambers, and mouth, the tone assumes definite character and quality. As the sound of the flute differs from that of the violin because of difference in the material, texture, shape, and construction of the two instruments, so the quality of voices is determined by the texture of the vocal bands and

[1] The voice of every human being has a quality of tone peculiar to it and different from that of any other voice. We recognize our friends and the individual members of the family by their voices, even after long periods of separation and though we do not see them when they speak. Yet, each voice, while preserving its distinctive character, is susceptible of marked change of quality through the influence of imagination and emotion. The child knows by the tone of the mother's voice whether she is sympathetic or impatient; the voice of a friend tells us whether he is happy, sad, calm, or excited.

all parts concerned in the making of tone, and by the size, shape, and condition of the vocal cavities of chest, throat, nose, and mouth, — wherever, indeed, the tone vibrates.

But while the quality of a particular instrument is more or less stable, that of the voice is subject to notable modification. A change in the condition of any part of the vocal apparatus will change the quality of the tone. A cold is at once perceptible in the voice. Emotions, affecting as they do the muscular texture of the entire body, exert a marked influence over the delicate muscles controlling the voice, and consequently they modify the tone according to the character and intensity of the emotion. Joy brings a sense of firmness throughout the whole body — the tone of joy is clear, firm, and strong. Grief relaxes, — the tone of grief is dull, monotonous, and sometimes not voluntarily controllable. Anger hardens and tightens the muscles, — the tone of anger is high, strident, tense. Affection, tenderness, love, soften the muscular texture, — of these the tone is low, tender, soothing.

36. *Control of tone quality*

It is obvious that the quality of the voice is partly within the control of the will, partly beyond it. In so far as the character of the tone is predetermined by the size, the shape, and the texture of certain firm and fixed parts of the vocal organs, such as the roof of the mouth and the nasal chambers, it cannot be changed at will. To these fixed parts of the instrument the distinctive, individual quality of voices is attributable, while the emotional qualities are the result of adjustments of the flexible and adaptable muscles and tissues of throat, soft palate, and tongue, these being subject to the influence of the will and the emotions. It follows that the expressive qualities of the voice may be extended, improved, and brought under control. This may be

accomplished by technical vocal exercises[1] and by bringing the voice into intimate and responsive relation to mind, imagination, and feeling through the sympathetic vocal rendering of all forms of poetry and imaginative literature.

37. *The sympathetic rendering of literature*

The most effective way of improving the quality of the voice and of making it obedient and responsive to the demands of the mind and the emotions, is found in the sympathetic voicing of selections from literature embracing all varieties and shades of thought and feeling. As modulations in tone quality are the result of the direct influence of thought, imagination, and emotion on the voice, it follows that the training of the voice in quality depends on educating and strengthening these faculties through an awakened appreciation of various types of literature. Read aloud the lines quoted below and observe that, as the spirit of each is understood and felt, the quality of the voice undergoes a distinct change in passing from one to the other.

Shylock. Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock (aside). How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

[1] The discussion of the technique of tone production does not come within the province of this chapter. However, it should be remarked in passing that technical vocal exercises, when wisely used, are highly important and beneficial means of securing voluntary control of tone and of overcoming weaknesses and faults in the speaking voice. Thus, certain exercises may be effectively used in removing nasality, huskiness, thinness of tone, and the like. But mechanical exercises do not suffice for the training of the voice in qualities of sympathy and in spontaneous responsiveness to thought and feeling. These qualities cannot be secured by mechanical devices, and a deliberate attempt to simulate sympathy of tone when sympathy is not felt results in obvious insincerity and artificiality.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice*, I, iii.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Longfellow: *The Rainy Day.*

38. *Kinds of vocal quality*

The possible changes and shades of quality of the cultivated and obedient voice are limited only by the capacity and range of the imagination and the emotional nature of the individual. According to the character of the impulse governing the voice, tone quality may be considered as (1) Normal, or Pure, and (2) Abnormal, or Impure.

1. **Normal, or pure tone.** Pure tone is that clear, rich, resonant quality of voice resulting from the harmonious action of all parts of the vocal instrument in obedience

to the normal, controlled action of mind, imagination, and feeling. Whatever is worthy, noble, and beautiful in thought and spirit, whether related to the common affairs of every day or to the idealistic conceptions of literature, finds expression in pure tone.[1] But, as there are many aspects of human experience and many states of mind and emotion which may be considered normal, there are many modulations of pure tone indicative of varying thoughts and moods of the individual. A minute classification of modulations of pure tone, even were it possible, is not necessary for the purposes of our study, but for the sake of suggestions for training in vocal expression and of affording criteria by which appreciation and emotional response may be judged, certain typical conditions of thought and feeling finding normal expression in tones of pure quality, may be considered in this connection. Qualities of pure tone are heard in (1) common conversation, (2) the expression of strong and elevated feelings, (3) somber and reflective moods, and (4) genial, glad, exultant emotions.

(1) *Common conversation.* Under ordinary conditions of everyday conversation the mind is calm, and the voice, if properly used, is pure and pleasing. This is also true of most of the reading aloud done in the home. As the greater part of our speech is of this quieter sort, the cultivation of an easy, normal use of the speaking voice is highly important. Read the following extract in a simple, clear, pure tone, suited to the genial character of the conversation: —

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet

[1] A voice misused cannot give consistent and adequate expression to genial, fine thoughts and impulses. Tenderness is not expressed in a harsh guttural, nor strong confidence and hope in a high falsetto, nor happiness in a hoarse whisper. A clear voice of resonant and sympathetic quality is one of the most valuable attainments of the student of vocal expression.

sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. . . .

"I wish you could hear my sister's voice," said the schoolmistress.

"If it is like yours, it must be a pleasant one," said I.

"I never thought mine was anything," said the schoolmistress.

"How should you know?" said I. "People never hear their own voices any more than they see their own faces. There is not even a looking-glass for the voice. Of course, there is something audible to us when we speak, but that something is not our own voice as it is known to all our acquaintances. I think, if an image spoke to us in our own tones, we should not know them in the least."

Holmes: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

(2) *Strong and elevated feeling.* When feeling is intense, or when the spirit is uplifted in contemplation of that which is noble, sublime, and awe-inspiring, the tone naturally becomes strong, full, round, and open. This tone of enlarged volume and resonance, as distinguished from the voice of ordinary speech, has been called "orotund." But it differs from the usual voice of conversation merely in the strength and fullness of resonance. It is the same tone, produced in the same way, but intensified and enlarged in response to stronger and deeper feeling. Under the stimulus of intense emotions and with the inspiration of exalted thought, the breathing becomes more energetic, the chest expands, the throat opens, and the full resonant power of the voice is heard. The public speaker may begin his address in a conversational tone, but as his thought reaches higher levels, and as his feelings grow more intense and exalted, his voice becomes full, strong, and more resonant, and his style of speech is elevated above that of ordinary, everyday talk. But his expression is none the less natural. Under such conditions the usual colloquial style would be unnatural. Adequate expression of the fol-

lowing lines of intense excitement cannot be given in a conversational manner.

> "Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
> As striding from the desk he came, —
> "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
> For her to live, for her to die?"

Read: *The Rising.*

The alert reader will not speak these words in a breakfast-table, "Pass the butter, please," manner of utterance, but in the strong, firm, resonant tone consistent with their heroic spirit.

Imagine in your mind the scene described in the lines taken from Coleridge's *Hymn to Mont Blanc*, put yourself in the place of the author, and holding the vision before you, breathe deeply, open the throat and give voice to the feelings of admiration, wonder, awe, and worship which the scene awakens within you.

> Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
> Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
> Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
> Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
> Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
> That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
> In adoration, upward from thy base
> Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
> Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
> To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise!
> Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
> Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
> Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
> Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
> And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
> Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

(3) *Somber and reflective moods.* When the mind is oppressed with sorrow or gloom, or is "clouded with a

doubt," the voice, while usually pure, has not the bright, clear, ringing tone of more usual states of feeling, — of cheerfulness, hope, or gayety, — but its tone is dull, covered, somber. Picture the conditions described in the first verses taken from Byron's poem *Darkness*, and in voicing the lines take time to realize vividly the meaning of every image.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face.
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd.

(4) *Genial emotions.* Feelings of gladness, elation, exultation in healthful action, all genial and fanciful emotions, find their true expression in tones of clear, bright quality.

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
Browning: *Saul.*

2. Abnormal, or impure tone. By abnormal or impure tone we mean those qualities of voice resulting from unusual physical conditions, or from abnormal, excited states of mind and emotion. Thus weakness, alarm, anger, fear, hate, excessive joy or grief — all feeling, in fact, which passes beyond the bound of absolute control — disturb the conditions of tone-production and affect the voice in strange ways. In training the voice for ordinary speech these conditions need little emphasis. Pure, normal tone is the essential thing. But, since in literature we find recorded all experiences and emotions of men, the ability to recognize and adjust oneself to them and the education of the voice to express all kinds and shades of feeling are necessary for interpretative reading. The selfish, unyielding character and sinister motives of Shylock cannot be suggested by pure tone. His nature is harsh and his dark thoughts express themselves in harsh, guttural sounds. Try reading aloud the speech of Shylock quoted below in a clear, pleasant, affable voice. The inconsistency of thought and expression will be obvious. Read the lines again, letting the antagonistic and revengeful spirit of the character control the tone. In the latter reading the tone can hardly be called pure in quality.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shylock. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine

enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice*, III, i.

Moreover, alarm, fear, intense hatred, secrecy, and. in fact, almost all emotions when carried to an extreme and beyond the control and restraint of the will, tend to breathy, or aspirated, tone. An example of this is found in the apprehension, fear, and horror of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth after the murder of the sleeping Duncan.

Macbeth (*within*). Who 's there? what, ho!
Lady Macbeth. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done; the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't. My husband!

Enter Macbeth

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady Macbeth. Now.
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.
Macbeth (*looking on his hands*). This is a sorry sight.
Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.
Macbeth. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Shakespeare: *Macbeth*, II, ii.

39. *Faults in vocal quality*

Faults in the quality of voice are of two classes; namely, (1) those caused by malformation of some part of the vocal apparatus or by obstruction of the resonance chambers, such as lack of the soft palate, ill-formed upper or lower jaw, enlarged tonsils, inflammation of the throat or larynx, and similar disorders, all of which come within the province of the physician; and (2) those due to misadjustment and misuse of an otherwise normal vocal instrument, or to a lack of responsiveness of the muscles and the tissues concerned in vocalization to the stimulus of thought and feeling. One occasionally meets an individual whose voice undergoes no shade of change in quality, whether the utterance be of joy, sorrow, fear, or hope. Bad qualities of tone arising from misadjustment or bad use may be modified to a considerable extent, and oftentimes entirely removed, by assiduous practice under the direction of a skilled teacher of voice. But no more effective means of bringing the inflexible and unresponsive voice into obedient relation to mind, imagination, and emotion is to be found than by the education of these faculties through the study of all forms of art and literature, and by such vocal practice as this chapter suggests.

PROBLEMS IN VOCAL QUALITY

1. *Conversational*

1. So live that your afterself — the man you ought to be — may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties, the thirties of the Twentieth Century, he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy of the Twentieth Century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

Jordan: *The Call of the Twentieth Century.*[1]

2. We may have but a few thousands of days to spend, perhaps hundreds only — perhaps tens; nay, the longest of our time and best, looked back on, will be but as a moment, as the twinkling of an eye; still, we are men, not insects; we are living spirits, not passing clouds. "He maketh the winds His messengers; the momentary fire, His minister;" and shall we do less than *these?* Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them. Ruskin: *The Mystery of Life.*

3. In closing, let me mention, by way of illustration, a most touching and instructive scene which I once witnessed at the annual meeting in the great hall of the Sorbonne in Paris for the purpose of awarding medals of honor to those who had performed acts of conspicuous bravery in saving human life at sea. A bright-eyed boy of scarcely fourteen summers was called to the platform. The story was recounted of how one winter's night when a fierce tempest was raging on the rude Normandy coast, he saw signals of distress at sea and started

[1] Used with the kind permission of the author.

with his father, the captain of a small vessel, and the mate to attempt a rescue. By dint of almost superhuman effort the crew of a sinking ship was safely taken aboard. A wave washed the father from the deck. The boy plunged into the seething waves to save him, but the attempt was in vain, and the father perished. The lad struggled back to the vessel, to find that the mate had also been washed overboard. Then lashing himself fast, he took the wheel and guided the boat, with its precious cargo of human souls, through the howling storm safely into port. The minister of public instruction, after paying a touching tribute to the boy's courage in a voice broken with emotion, pinned the medal on his breast, placed in his hands a diploma of honor, and then, seizing the brave lad in his arms, imprinted a kiss on each cheek. For a moment the boy seemed dazed, not knowing which way to turn, as he stood there with the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks while every one in that vast hall wept in sympathy. Suddenly his eyes turned toward his old peasant mother, she to whom he owed his birth and his training, as she sat at the back of the platform with bended form and wearing her widow's cap. He rushed to her, took the medal from his breast, and, casting it and his diploma into her lap, threw himself on his knees at her feet.

Porter: *The Soldier's Creed.*[1]

2. *Strong and elevated feeling*

4. How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

. . . . . .

[1] Used with the kind permission of the author.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me, —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are, —
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Tennyson: *Ulysses.*

5. That so much of Scripture should be written in the language of poetry has excited some surprise and created some inquiry; and yet in nothing do we perceive more clearly than in this, the genuineness, power, and divinity of the oracles of our faith. As the language of poetry is that into which all earnest natures are insensibly betrayed, so it is the only speech which has in it the power of permanent impression. The language of the imagination is the native language of man. It is the language of his excited intellect, of his aroused passions, of his devotion, of all the higher moods and tempera-

ments of his mind. It was meet, therefore, that it should be the language of his revelation from God.

The language of poetry is thus the language of the inspired volume. The Bible is a mass of beautiful figures; its words and its thoughts are alike poetical; it has gathered around its central truths all natural beauty and interest; it is a Temple with one altar and one God, but illuminated by a thousand varied lights, and studded with a thousand ornaments. It has substantially but one declaration to make, but it utters that in the voices of the creation. It has pressed into its service the animals of the forest, the flowers of the field, the stars of heaven, all the elements of nature. The lion spurning the sands of the desert, the wild roe leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slaughter, the goat speeding to the wilderness; the rose blossoming in Sharon, the lily drooping in the valley, the apple-tree bowing under its fruit; the great rock shadowing a weary land, the river gladdening the dry place; the moon and the morning star; Carmel by the sea, and Tabor among the mountains; the dew from the womb of the morning, the rain upon the mown grass, the rainbow encompassing the landscape; the light, God's shadow; the thunder, His voice; the wind and the earthquake, His footsteps: — all such varied objects are made, as if naturally so designed from their creation, to represent Him to whom the Book and all its emblems point. Thus the quick spirit of the Book has ransacked creation to lay its treasures on Jehovah's altar, united the innumerable rays of a far-streaming glory on the little hill of Calvary, and woven a garland for the bleeding brow of Immanuel, the flowers of which have been culled from the gardens of a universe.

George Gilfillan: *Bards of the Bible.*[1]

6. Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.

[1] Taken from Espenshade's *Forensic Declamations*, pp. 59–60.

Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

Joaquin Miller: *Columbus*.

3. *Somber and reflective*

7. The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
"I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?"
"And I — and I — thyself," (lo! each one saith,)
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

Rossetti: *Lost Days.*

8. It was night, and the rain fell; and, falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head — and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation.

And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall — and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decipher them. And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters, and the characters were DESOLATION.

And I looked upward, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock; and I hid myself among the water-lilies that I might discover the actions of the man. And the man

was tall and stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome. And the outlines of his figure were indistinct — but his features were the features of a deity; for the mantle of the night, and of the mist, and of the moon, and of the dew, had left uncovered the features of his face. And his brow was lofty with thought, and his eye wild with care; and, in the few furrows upon his cheek I read the fables of sorrow, and weariness, and disgust with mankind, and a longing after solitude.

And the man sat upon the rock, and leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out upon the desolation. He looked down into the low, unquiet shrubbery, and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven, and into the crimson moon. And I lay close within shelter of the lilies, and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude; — but the night waned, and he sat upon the rock.

Poe: *Silence — A Fable.*

9. *Aumerle.* Where is the duke my father with his power?
King Richard. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

Shakespeare: *Richard II*, III, ii.

4. *Genial and exultant*

10. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out, in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: —

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters — one, two, three — had 'em up in their places — four, five, six — barred 'em and pinned 'em — seven, eight, nine — and came back

before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let 's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they would n't have cleared away, or could n't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But, scorning rest, upon his reappearance he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as

if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many — ah, four times — old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that 's not high praise, tell me higher, and I 'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You could n't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut" — cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

Dickens: *A Christmas Carol.*

11. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

. . . . . .

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson: *In Memoriam*, CVI.

12. *Duke Senior.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, — as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,

"This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare: *As You Like It*, II, i.

13. 'T was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
"Learn while you 're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

. . . . . .

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

. . . . . .

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
"T was a glorious world, down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
George Arnold: *The Jolly Old Pedagogue.*

5. *Abnormal qualities*

14. When the coffee was done, the Jew drew the saucepan to the hob. Standing, then, in an irresolute attitude for a few minutes, as if he did not well know how to employ himself, he turned round and looked at Oliver, and called him by his name. He did not answer, and was to all appearance asleep.

After satisfying himself upon this head, the Jew stepped gently to the door: which he fastened. He then drew forth, as it seemed to Oliver, from some trap in the floor, a small box, which he placed carefully on the table. His eyes glistened as he raised the lid, and looked in. Dragging an old chair to the table, he sat down; and took from it a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with jewels.

"Aha!" said the Jew, shrugging up his shoulders, and distorting every feature with a hideous grin. "Clever dogs! Clever dogs! Staunch to the last! Never told the old parson where they were. Never peached upon old Fagin! And why should they? It would n't have loosened the knot, or kept the drop up, a minute longer. No, no, no! Fine fellows! Fine fellows!"

At least half a dozen more were severally drawn forth from the same box, and surveyed with equal pleasure; besides rings, brooches, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, of such magnificent materials, and costly workmanship, that Oliver had no idea, even of their names.

"What a fine thing capital punishment is! Dead men never repent; dead men never bring awkward stories to light. Ah, it 's a fine thing for the trade! Five of 'em strung

up in a row, and none left to play booty, or turn white-livered!"

As the Jew uttered these words, his bright dark eyes fell on Oliver's face; the boy's eyes were fixed on his in mute curiosity; and although the recognition was only for an instant — it was enough to show the old man that he had been observed. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash; and, laying his hand on a bread knife which was on the table, started furiously up. . . .

"What 's that?" said the Jew. "What do you watch me for? Why are you awake? What have you seen? Speak out, boy! Quick — quick! for your life!"

"I was n't able to sleep any longer, sir," replied Oliver, meekly. "I am very sorry if I have disturbed you, sir."

"You were not awake an hour ago?" said the Jew, scowling fiercely on the boy.

"No! No, indeed!" replied Oliver.

"Are you sure?" cried the Jew, with a still fiercer look than before, and a threatening attitude.

"Upon my word I was not, sir," replied Oliver, earnestly. "I was not, indeed, sir."

"Tush, tush, my dear!" said the Jew, abruptly resuming his old manner, and playing with the knife a little, before he laid it down; as if to induce the belief that he had caught it up in mere sport. "Of course I know that, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. You 're a brave boy. Ha! ha! you 're a brave boy, Oliver!" . . .

"Did you see any of these pretty things, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver.

"Ah!" said the Jew, turning rather pale. "They — they 're mine, Oliver; my little property. All I have to live upon, in my old age. The folks call me a miser, my dear. Only a miser; that 's all."

Oliver thought the old gentleman must be a decided miser to live in such a dirty place, with so many watches; but he only cast a deferential look at the Jew, and asked if he might get up.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," replied the old gentleman. "Stay. There 's a pitcher of water in the corner by the door.

Bring it here; and I 'll give you a basin to wash in, my dear."

Oliver got up; walked across the room; and stooped for an instant to raise the pitcher. When he turned his head, the box was gone.

Dickens: *Oliver Twist*, chap. IX.

15. (*Thunder and lightning.*) *Enter Three Witches*

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Second Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Shakespeare: *Macbeth*, I, i.

16. *Doctor.* I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 't is most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here 's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two: why, then, 't is time to do 't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What! will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well.

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good-night, good doctor. (*Exeunt.*)

Shakespeare: *Macbeth,* v, i.

6. *For general reading*

SCENE FROM THE RIVALS

(Act II, Scene i)

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Enter Fag

17. *Fag.* Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you. — Shall I show him into the parlour?

Captain Absolute. Ay — you may.
Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Abs. You puppy, why did n't you show him up directly? [*Exit Fag.*

Now for a parental lecture — I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here — I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. — What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. — Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me — such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention — and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. — Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you — settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife — why, did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so! — I must n't forget her though. — Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage — the fortune is saddled with a wife — but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! sir! — you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil 's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir — you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why — what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. — Pray, sir, who is the lady?[1]

Sir Anth. What 's that to you, sir? — Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly that my inclinations are fixed on another — my heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry — but business prevents its waiting on her.

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack; — I have heard you for some time with patience — I have been cool — quite cool; but take

[1] It chances that the lady whom Sir Anthony proposes for his son is the one to whom Captain Absolute is already engaged.

care — you know I am compliance itself — when I am not thwarted; — no one more easily led — when I have my own way; — but don't put me in a frenzy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it — in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now damn me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word — not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod — and I'll tell you what, Jack — I mean, you dog — if you don't, by —

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to —

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew — she shall be all this, sirrah! — yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'T is false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you 'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please! — It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'T is a confounded lie! — I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word —

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can passion do? — Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! — There, you sneer again! don't provoke me! — but you rely upon the mildness of my temper — you do, you dog! you play upon the

meekness of my disposition! — Yet take care — the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! — but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why — confound you! I may in time forgive you. — If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I 'll strip you of your commission; I 'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. — I 'll disown you, I 'll disinherit you, I 'll unget you! and damn me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit.*

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father — I kiss your hands! — What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth. — I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me! — Yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Re-enter Fag

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time — muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door — rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, damns us all, for a puppy triumvirate! — Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present. — Did you come in for nothing more? — Stand out of the way!

[*Pushes him aside, and exit.*

Fag. So! Sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father — then vents his spleen on poor Fag! — When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper — the basest —

Enter Boy

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need not bawl so! — The meanest disposition! the —

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag!

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred — [*Exit kicking and beating him.*

CHAPTER IX

THE MUSIC OF SPEECH

40. *The difference between emotional and unemotional utterance*

THOUGH inflection and pitch variation serve to express thought by showing the logical relation of ideas and the relative value of words in revealing meaning accurately, there is in impressive speech a melody made up of pitch intervals, inflections, and cadences not like that of speech in which ideas only are stated. We do not speak the lines —

> Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me, —

with the matter-of-fact directness we should use in saying, "It is getting *dark;* it 's time for me to go *home.*" Likewise, emotional passages in narrative, descriptive, and oratorical prose are elevated in melody above the style of ordinary talk. The power of the following passage would be lost were it spoken in the prosaic, commonplace manner of everyday utterance.

With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway to the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on the farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

J. G. Blaine: *Funeral Oration on Garfield.*[1]

[1] Used with the kind permission of the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C.

As speech becomes imbued with imagination and feeling it rises in cadence above that of discursive, matter-of-fact talk, and assumes something of the qualities and melody of song.[1] The melody of speech through which imagination and feeling are expressed, and by means of which these faculties are awakened in the listener, may be considered under three aspects, namely: (1) Key, (2) Pitch intervals, and (3) Inflection.

1. **Key.** The prevailing and dominant pitch of the voice during the reading of a poem, or piece of prose, or in the delivery of an address, is called key. Fundamentally, all changes in key may be traced to changes in mental and emotional states. Excitement produces muscular tension, and consequently a higher pitch of the voice, while calm and controlled moods result in a less tense bodily condition and a lower tone of the voice. The temperament of the individual, the conditions under which he speaks, the character of the thought he utters and its effect upon him, all influence the key of the voice.

a. The effect of temperament and physical constitution on the key of the voice. As individuals differ in temperament and physical make-up, so voices differ in their characteristic pitch. Thus we have tenor and baritone, soprano and contralto singers, and voices of high, middle, and low pitch in speakers.[2]

[1] Poetry, and all literature and speech, the power of which is derived from imagination and emotion, has certain characteristics of song. Poetry, the nearest approach in literature to music, has rhythm, key, melody, and "concord of sweet sounds." Through these musical qualities its spirit is expressed, and without these it would not be poetry. The problem of rendering the sense and meaning of verse clearly without making it prosaic, and its imagination and emotion and beauty musically without singing it, is one of the most difficult tasks of the reader who aims at a simple, natural, and forceful style.

[2] The voice of each individual should be used on the key and through the range of the scale that is most normal and easy for the particular voice. While the range of individual voices may be extended by training, there should be no forcing of the voice from its normal pitch and range in an effort

b. Projection of voice. When speaking to a small group of people in a small room, one will be apt to use the voice on a lower key and with less force than when speaking to a large audience in a spacious hall or out of doors. The desire to be heard, to project the voice to the outermost limit of the audience, causes greater tension and effort. The speaker should guard against the temptation, however, to lift the voice to an unusually high key under such conditions, as a controlled and well-modulated voice is more easily heard at a distance and under ordinary conditions than is a high, strident tone.[1] As an exercise, sit and read the following lines quietly, as if to one person; then rise and speak them as though addressing a thousand, but without raising the key of the voice.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, III, ii.

c. The influence of thought and emotion on key. The character of the thought spoken and its effect upon the

to imitate the key of another in reading a given selection. It will be found, however, that when the thought of a piece of literature is understood and its spirit felt, or when the moods of individuals are similar, different voices will approximate a certain key in utterance. No one who catches the spirit of the line, "And what is so rare as a day in June!" would utter it in a low sepulchral tone, nor the line, "A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things," in a high treble.

[1] It is interesting to observe that instruments for projecting sounds to great distances, such as whistling buoys at sea, fog horns, locomotive and steamship whistles, are low in pitch. Bells of low tone are heard at greater distances than high-pitched ones, though the greater carrying power of the large, low-keyed bell is partially due, of course, to the greater swing and energy of stroke of the bell tongue.

mind and feeling of the speaker are shown in the prevailing and dominant key of the voice.

Thoughts or conditions that produce excitement, joy, anger, and the like, because of greater muscular tension, are uttered on a higher key than are those of ordinary, controlled speech. Read the following lines with spirit.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
. . . . . .
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English.
. . . . . .
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry, "God for Harry! England and St. George!"

Shakespeare: *Henry V*, III, i.

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world — "Let the King reign!"

Tennyson: *The Coming of Arthur.*

In ordinary conversation, in calm discussion and unimpassioned narration and description, and in moods of serenity and peace the middle pitches of the voice are used.[1]

[1] Much of the reading aloud done in the home is of this character. In such reading care should be taken not to permit the voice to become tense, with a consequent high key held throughout. One should also avoid the fault, so common in ordinary reading, of allowing the voice to rise and fall with a regular cadence on all phrases, without emphasis or other expressive variation. The principles of simple, conversational speech should be observed here as in more formal reading to an audience.

But after all, the wonder is, in this mysterious world, not that there is so much egotism abroad, but that there is so little! Considering the narrow space, the little cage of bones and skin, in which our spirit is confined, like a fluttering bird, it often astonishes me to find how much of how many people's thoughts is not given to themselves, but to their work, their friends, their families.

A. C. Benson: *From a College Window.*

When we give utterance to thoughts and feelings arising from contemplation of objects and scenes of grandeur and majesty, of powers above and beyond our own, and mysteries which we cannot define or fathom, and when the spirit is humble, reverent, or inspired with wonder and awe, the key of the voice is naturally low.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
  Thou madest life in man and brute;
  Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
  Thou madest man, he knows not why,
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day and cease to be;
  They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.
Tennyson: *In Memoriam.*

2. Pitch intervals. As the mind passes from one thought to another the effect of each thought and image on the reader whose imagination and spirit are alert will be shown by the change in pitch of the voice. These changes result not alone from the discriminative action of the intellect and reasoning faculties, but are obedient to imagination and feeling as well. No doubt an educated musical taste and a sensitive ear exercise considerable influence in melodious utterance, but the chief factor in simple, true melody is spiritual appreciation. The more strong the emotional response of the speaker to the thought spoken the greater will the intervals of pitch tend to be.

The naturalness and expressive value of pitch intervals will be evident if the following lines are read aloud, first in an unfeeling, didactic style for facts only, and then with such sustained vowel sounds and pitch changes between the lines as a sympathetic understanding of each new thought may dictate.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;

Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Hood: *The Bridge of Sighs.*

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty — they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars — they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

Ingersoll: *A Vision of War.*[1]

When a passage is something more than a commonplace statement of facts and is given dignity, beauty, and power by reason of its feeling and imagination, its beauty of imagery and euphony of language, the melody of its utterance is made up largely of intervals of pitch occurring between groups of words spoken with but little rise or fall of the voice, somewhat as tones are held in song. In such expression, inflection, the chief function of which is to reveal intellectual and logical relations, gives place to change in pitch which expresses, and appeals to, the emotional, intuitive, imaginative, and spiritual nature, revealing change in image, situation, and kind and degree of feeling.

The following two passages describe the same event, the first with the main purpose of stating the facts of the situation and action, the latter with attention to the majesty and tragic grandeur of the scene and its effect upon the observer. In reading these two passages aloud, note how,

[1] From vol. IX of the *Collected Works of Robert G. Ingersoll.* Used with the kind permission of the publisher, C. P. Farrell.

in the second as compared with the first, there is little inflection, but marked pitch intervals between phrases. Indeed, the lines may be spoken almost as a chant with little other rise or fall of the voice than the intervals of pitch that occur between such different images as "Ship after ship," "The whole night long," and "their high-built galleons came."

After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the Admiral of the Hulks both sunk, and on many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. The Spanish ships which attempted to board the Revenge, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several Armadas assailed her, and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to harken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries.

Sir Walter Raleigh: *The Last Fight of the Revenge.*

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

Tennyson: *The Ballad of the Revenge.*

Read the following lyric with little inflection but with marked intervals of pitch between phrases and lines, and note how the charm of the song and the beauty of the imagery is revealed through the melody of pitch-intervals rather than through inflection.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Tennyson: *The Princess.*

3. Inflection. Of the various expressive changes of the voice, inflection is perhaps the most intellectual and logical, yet, under the stress of the speaker's mood, inflections are modified and become expressive of shades of feeling as well as of thought. The difference in the inflectional range of the voice between the assertion of fact and the expression of imagination and emotion may be observed if you speak directly and emphatically, as in discussion with a friend, the sentences: "Don't tell *me* that *life* does n't *mean* anything. I know it *does*. Life is more than a *dream*. It is *real* and *earnest* and has a meaning for *time* and *eternity*." Now read the stanzas from Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, preserving their poetic elevation and beauty of thought and the strength of their faith and hope.[1]

[1] In the prose statement the sense is narrowed to the mere facts asserted; in the poem the words arouse noble sentiment and connote spiritual truth, and this hint of larger meaning is communicated in speech, not through the didactic, assertive inflection of ordinary talk, but through inflections of greater duration and those other modulations of the voice, like change of pitch, sustained vowels, and strong rhythm, which contribute to the thought something of the emotional power of music. In song there is little inflection, but much change of pitch. The beauty and emotional appeal of musical expres-

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

a. In earnest utterance prompted by intense and controlled feeling, inflections are firm, long, strong, and sustained, and are less subject to the abrupt and light leaps and glides of the voice heard in speech of a casual, less dignified or formal character.

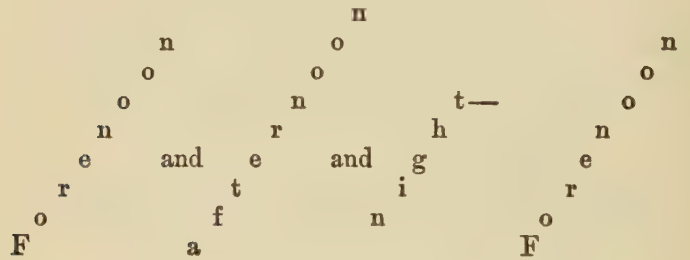
Macbeth. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

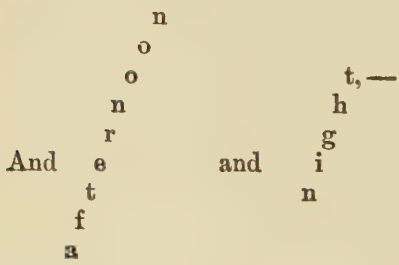
Macbeth, I, vii.

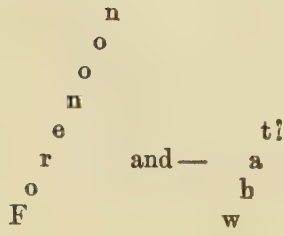
b. In the reading of noble and delicate sentiment and of thought strong in its spiritual appeal, such as is found in much of our lyric and epic poetry, inflections, which characterize our off-hand, casual talk, yield to the musical rise

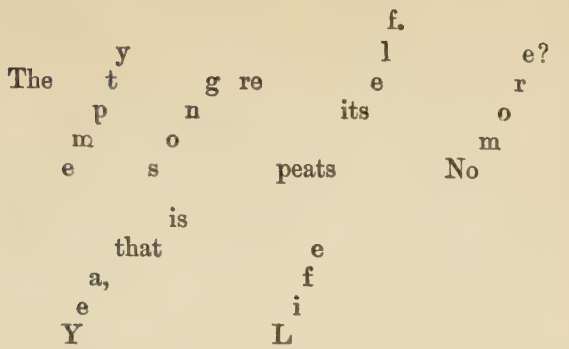
sion would be lost if tones were changed by inflection during their utterance. The same is true of emotional speech. As utterance is prompted by strong feeling, inflections give place to sustained tones on various pitches. Such inflections as are needed for bringing out the thought are rarely short or quick, except in light and playful lyrics.

and fall of the voice in intervals of pitch between lines and phrases, as in song. Such inflections as occur differ greatly in direction, range, and duration from those of ordinary, cursory conversation. The following lines, taken from Sill's little poem entitled *Life*, if read as indicated in the inflections suggested, with indifference to the spiritual significance of the poem, are degraded to the level of superficial, whining, impotent talk.

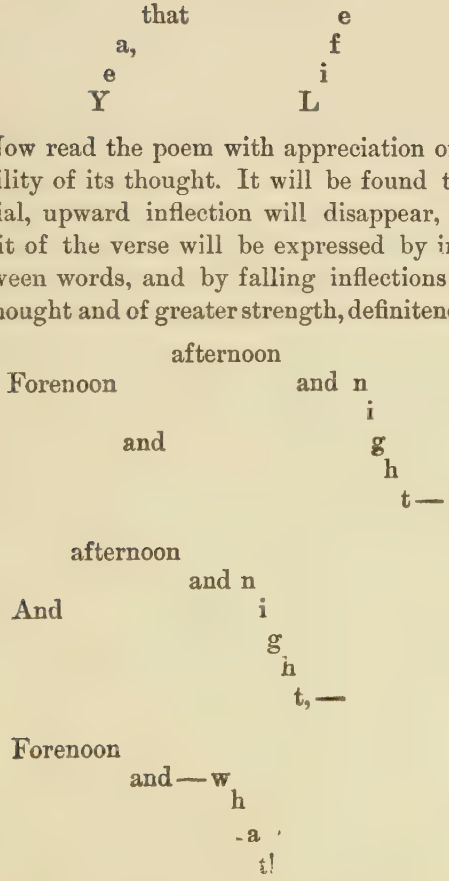


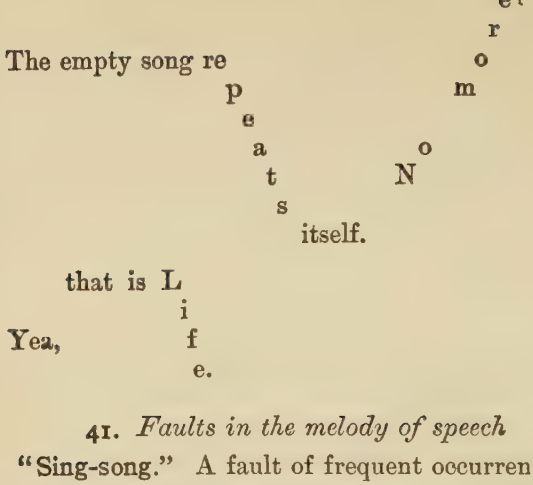






Now read the poem with appreciation of the dignity and nobility of its thought. It will be found that much of the trivial, upward inflection will disappear, and the solemn spirit of the verse will be expressed by intervals of pitch between words, and by falling inflections of completeness of thought and of greater strength, definiteness, and duration.





41. *Faults in the melody of speech*

1. "Sing-song." A fault of frequent occurrence among untrained readers is known as "sing-song." This fault consists of the rise and fall of the voice at regular intervals in sequent lines, or phrases, with the recurrence of undue emphasis on a certain metrical beat near the end of each line, usually in the next to the last foot. Thus: —

ev
Sweet bird, thy bower is green,
er
ev
Thy sky is clear,
er
in
There is no sorrow song,
thy
in
No winter year.
thy

This fault seems to be due to an abnormal consciousness and sense of the rhythmic regularity of lines, to which the

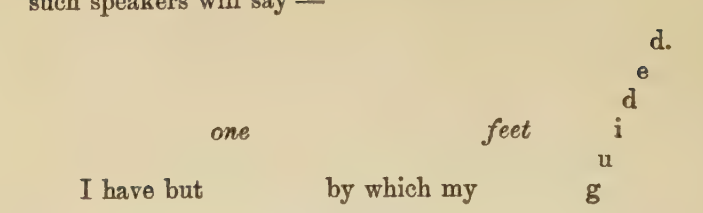
meaning is sacrificed. It may be corrected by calling attention to the thought of the line and to the words which, if emphasized, will reveal the meaning accurately. In the above stanza, if the central words "bower," "green," "sky," "clear," "sorrow," "song," "winter," "year," are given prominence, the "sing-song" melody will disappear. Correct the meaningless "sing-song" of the next familiar stanza from Gray's *Elegy* by a truthful rendering of the sense and music of the lines.

part
The curfew tolls the knell of day,
ing
o'er
The lowing herd winds slowly lea,
the
wear
The ploughman homeward plods his way,
y
and
And leaves the world to darkness me.
to

2. **Intonation.** Closely akin to "sing-song" is the fault known as "intonation." This consists either of an unnatural circumflex inflection, or a change in pitch of the voice between words, unwarranted by the sense of the passage, in place of a direct, natural rising or falling inflection. It is occasionally heard in the grandiloquent style of some orators when they "soar." Instead of saying —

are g
t u
e l e i
n a e d
I have but o m f e
p by which my d,

such speakers will say —



While in liturgical reading intonation is sometimes taught and may be justifiable, its use in general reading and speaking should be avoided. It destroys the directness of speech, and leads the listener to feel that the speaker is seeking to produce effects by incantation instead of by earnest, clear thought. This mannerism may be overcome if the speaker will ask, whenever he finds himself indulging in such meaningless intonations, "What is it that I want to say?" and then answer in a direct, conversational way, using the words he has previously mistreated. In such an answer he would be pretty apt to discover that his feet are guided by a "*lamp*" rather than by the numeral "*one*." Clear thinking and common sense are the best means of overcoming this fault.

3. **Minor cadence.** In the conversation of everyday life the voice in its rise or fall, passes through whole tones on the musical scale, but when it is allowed to fall short of the major note by half a tone, as in the whine of the petulant child, the cadence is said to be in the minor. Rarely in controlled thought and emotion and in normal states of the individual is the minor heard. It indicates physical weakness or lack of control of the feelings, or an attempt on the part of the speaker to produce effect and arouse sympathy by artificial means. Instead of practice to acquire this minor slide of the voice, effort should rather

be made to guard against the use of it, except in those rare instances where the dramatic representation of abnormal characters may require it. The rendering of poems like Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar* in the minor key degrades such fine lyrical expressions of sentiment to sentimental self-pitying, whining complaints. Read this poem with the firm, normal voice which its dignity, strength and beauty demand.[1]

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Tennyson: *Crossing the Bar.*

[1] It is hoped that the above chapter may serve to make clear something of the relation existing between speech and song, and the reason of this kinship, and that it may offer some suggestions which shall prove helpful in overcoming faults of speech-melody and in acquiring the ability to express truthfully the spirit of literature. No two individuals will read a given piece of literature alike, though each may read it well. Each will set the words to the music of his own mind, — a melody more or less improvised in response to the play of imagination and feeling. When the reader has

"heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies"

others will hear them in the voice. But without imagination and feeling there can be no music. Nor should melody of utterance be sought as a thing in itself. It comes only as a result of fine sensitiveness to the beauty, imagery, and spirit of thought.

PROBLEMS IN THE MUSIC OF SPEECH[1]

1. *Unemotional and emotional*

1. Francis Bonivard was born in 1496. He was the son of Louis Bonivard, Lord of Lune, and at the age of sixteen inherited from his uncle the rich priory of St. Victor, close to the walls of Geneva. The Duke of Savoy having attacked the republic of Geneva, Bonivard warmly espoused its cause, and thereby incurred the relentless hostility of the Duke, who caused him to be seized and imprisoned in the castle of Grolée, where he remained two years. On regaining his liberty he returned to his priory, but in 1528 he was again in arms against those who had seized his ecclesiastical revenues. The city of Geneva supplied him with munitions of war, in return for which Bonivard parted with his birthright, the revenues of which were applied by the Genevese to the support of the city hospital. He was afterwards employed in the service of the republic, but in 1530 fell into the power of his old enemy, the Duke of Savoy, who confined him in the castle of Chillon. In 1536 he was liberated by the Bernese and Genevese forces under Nögelin, and he died in 1570 at the age of seventy-four years. (The Castle of Chillon, with its massive walls and towers, stands on an isolated rock twenty-two yards from the bank, with which it is connected by a bridge.)

Baedeker's *Switzerland.*

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 't was trod,

[1] In the first three problems note the difference in the melody of speech in reading the statements of fact and the imaginative and emotional expression of the same ideas.

Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tryanny to God.
Byron: *Sonnet on Chillon.*

2. *Life:* The quality or fact of animate existence conceived as a part of an animal's being or as a separable attribute of his body; hence, the principle or force by which animals and plants are conceived as maintained in the performance of their organic functions; the vital force, whether regarded as physical or spiritual, the presence of which distinguishes organic from inorganic matter; the duration of a life from birth to death; as, the average human life is forty years.
Webster's *New International Dictionary.*

Somewhere in the oldest English writings there is an allegory which has never faded. Of a night, it tells us, a little group was gathered about the fireside in a hall where the flicker of flame cast light on some and threw others into shadow, but none into shadow so deep as the darkness without. And into the window from the midst of the night flew a swallow lured by the light; but unable by reason of his wildness to linger among men, he sped across the hall and so out again into the dark, and was seen no more. To this day, as much as when the old poet first saw or fancied it, the swallow's flight remains an image of earthly life. From whence we know not, we come into the wavering light and gusty warmth of this world; but here the law of our being forbids that we remain. A little we may see, fancying that we understand, — the hall, the lords and the servants, the chimney and the feast; more we may feel, — the light and the warmth, the safety and the danger, the hope and the dread. Then we must forth again, into the voiceless, unseen eternities.
Barrett Wendell: *A Literary History of America.*[1]

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3. Mont Blanc (15,782 feet in height), the monarch of the Alps, which since 1860 has formed the boundary between France and Italy, is composed chiefly of granite, and is shrouded with a stupendous mantle of perpetual snow. It was ascended for the first time in 1786 by the guide Jacques Balmat, and by Dr. Paccard the same year. The ascent, though very fatiguing, offers no very great difficulties to experienced mountaineers, but travellers are cautioned against attempting it in foggy or stormy weather, as fatal accidents have frequently occurred. The view from the summit is extremely grand, though unsatisfactory in the ordinary sense. Owing to their great distance, all objects appear indistinct; even in the clearest weather we can descry only the outlines of the great chains, the Swiss Alps, the Jura, the Dauphiny, Graian, and Cottian Alps, and the Apennines.

Baedeker's *Switzerland.*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing — there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!
Coleridge: *Hymn to Mont Blanc.*

2. *Joy, exultation, anger*

4. Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There 's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There 's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It 's all right, it 's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I 'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I 'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!

"What 's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"EH?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What 's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It 's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I have n't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they 've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? — not the little prize Turkey, the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It 's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It 's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I 'll give

you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I 'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I 'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It 's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

Dickens: *A Christmas Carol*, stave v.

5. Ye crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again!
Hail! Hail! Oh sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
. . . . . .
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, — whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine, whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I 'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free!

Knowles: *William Tell*, I, ii.[1]

6. *King.* But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, E. P. Dutton and Company.

Hotspur. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Northumberland. What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile.
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester

Hotspur. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

Northumberland. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Worcester. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hotspur. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Worcester. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Northumberland. He was; I heard the proclamation.
And then it was when the unhappy king, —
Whose wrongs in us God pardon! — did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd and shortly murthered.

. . . . . .

Worcester. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit

As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hotspur. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim.
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple; O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

. . . . . .

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

. . . . . .

Worcester. Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hotspur. I cry you mercy.
Worcester Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners, —
Hotspur. I'll keep them all!
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not!
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Worcester. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hotspur. Nay, I will; that 's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Shakespeare: *Henry IV, Part I*, I, iii.

3. *Calm and serene moods*

7. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness: and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this World, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next; as the Phantasms of the night, to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other: we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the Fancies of our sleeps. . . . I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls, a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. . . . .

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'T is indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truely lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his Soldier in his sleep was a merciful Executioner: 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented: I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the World, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

Browne: *Religio Medici.*

8. We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams; —
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

O'Shaughnessy: *Ode.*

9. *Enter Lorenzo and Jessica*

Lorenzo. My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. (*Exit Stephano.*)
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

. . . . . .

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music; therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice*, v, i.

10. Once upon a time, through a strange country, there rode some goodly knights, and their path lay by a deep wood, where tangled briars grew very thick and strong, and tore the flesh of them that lost their way therein. And the leaves of the trees that grew in the wood were very dark and thick, so that no ray of light came through the branches to lighten the gloom and sadness.

And, as they passed by that dark wood, one knight of those that rode, missing his comrades, wandered far away, and returned to them no more; and they, sorely grieving, rode on without him, mourning him as one dead.

Now, when they reached the fair castle toward which they had been journeying, they stayed there many days, and made merry; and one night, as they sat in cheerful ease around the logs that burned in the great hall, and drank a loving measure, there came the comrade they had lost, and greeted them. His clothes were ragged, like a beggar's, but upon his face there shone a great radiance of deep joy.

And they questioned him, asking him what had befallen him: and he told them how in the dark wood he had lost his way, and had wandered many days and nights, till, torn and bleeding, he had lain him down to die.

Then, when he was nigh unto death, lo! through the savage gloom there came to him a stately maiden, and took him by the hand and led him on through devious paths, unknown to any man, until upon the darkness of the wood there dawned a light such as the light of day was unto but as a little lamp unto the sun; and, in that wondrous light, our way-worn knight saw as in a dream a vision and so glorious, so fair the vision seemed, that of his bleeding wounds he thought no more, but stood as one entranced, whose joy is deep as is the sea, whereof no man can tell the depth.

And the vision faded, and the knight, kneeling upon the ground, thanked the good saint who into that sad wood had strayed his steps, so he had seen the vision that lay there hid.

And the name of the dark forest was Sorrow; but of the vision that the good knight saw therein we may not speak nor tell. Jerome: *Three Men in a Boat.*[1]

4. *Wonder, awe, and reverence*

11. Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widen'd in man's view.

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Joseph Blanco White: *Night.*

12.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Deut. xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun, —

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves, —
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,

Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, —
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;

And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?
. . . . . .

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O, dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace —
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

Alexander: *The Burial of Moses.*

5. *Pitch intervals and melody*

13. "Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things alway seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

Tennyson: *The Lotos-Eaters.*

14. Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-witholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.

Lanier: *The Marshes of Glynn.*[1]

15.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim:
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

[1] From *The Poems of Sidney Lanier*. Used with the kind permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff; —
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled; —
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies, —
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Read: *Drifting*.[1]

6. *Influence of emotion on inflection*

16. Men told me, Lord, it was a vale of tears
Where Thou hadst placed me, wickedness and woe
My twain companions whereso I might go;
That I through ten and three-score weary years
Should stumble on, beset by pains and fears,
Fierce conflict round me, passions hot within,
Enjoyment brief and fatal but in sin.

[1] Used with the kind permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company.

When all was ended then should I demand
Full compensation from Thine austere hand;
For, 't is Thy pleasure, all temptation past,
To be not just but generous at last.

Lord, here am I, my three-score years and ten
All counted to the full; I 've fought Thy fight,
Crossed Thy dark valleys, scaled Thy rocks' harsh height,
Borne all Thy burdens Thou dost lay on men
With hand unsparing, three-score years and ten.
Before Thee now I make my claim, O Lord!
What shall I pray Thee as a meet reward?

I ask for nothing. Let the balance fall!
All that I am or know or may confess
But swells the weight of mine indebtedness;
Burdens and sorrows stand transfigured all;
Thy hand's rude buffet turns to a caress,
For Love, with all the rest, Thou gavest me here,
And Love is Heaven's very atmosphere.
Lo! I have dwelt with Thee, Lord. Let me die.
I could no more through all Eternity.

David Starr Jordan: *Men Told Me, Lord.*[1]

17. Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight

[1] Used with the kind permission of the author.

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Longfellow: *Evangeline.*

18. Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by —
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd [1] for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey,[2] an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie [3] ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof [4] for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
But an honest man 's aboon his might —
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that! [5]
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

[1] Gold. [2] Coarse gray woolen. [3] A conceited fellow. [4] A dullard.
[5] "The power of making an honest man, as a belted knight is made, is a power no king can be allowed to claim."

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree [1] an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
It 's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers [2] be for a' that.

Burns: *For A' That and A' That.*

7. *For general reading*

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

(From *Tales of a Wayside Inn*)

Henry W. Longfellow

19. "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,

[1] Have the first place. [2] Brothers.

Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;

Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,

What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

PART III

EASE AND CORRECTNESS

CHAPTER X

TECHNICAL PRINCIPLES

Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

(SHAKESPEARE: *Lear*, I, i.)

42. *Training the physical agents of speech*

THE preceding chapters have dealt with those phases of vocal expression which are the direct result of thought and feeling. The aim so far has been to show that the promptings of the inner nature, the energies of mind and heart acting upon the voice, determine the speech style of individuals. Yet expression can be full and true only when the bodily agents are responsive and capable. The deaf and dumb person, though trained to speak by mechanical methods, never attains that natural utterance possible for the individual of normal physical endowments. His speech attainments are limited by his inability to hear his own voice or the voices of others. In common with all arts, speech involves certain mechanical processes, the mastery of which is a prerequisite to simple, free, and adequate utterance. The painter must first learn how to combine and lay on colors before he attempts to paint pictures for public exhibition; the pianist devotes months and years to practice for agility and responsiveness of fingers and hands before he is able to command his instrument in the service of his finest purposes; and only by dint of much labor does the writer gain mastery of words and the ability to express his thoughts easily, accurately, and attractively. All have something to express, but, until the means of expression are under control, their efforts are experimental and more or

less rudimentary. Skill and effectiveness come only by practice and experience, and the art of speech is no exception. Clear and beautiful utterance, like clear and beautiful writing, is the result of good example and diligent effort for accuracy and fineness.

Perhaps the failure on the part of many educated people to recognize the necessity of vocal training is due, partially at least, to the peculiar nature of speech itself. Of all forms of expression it seems to be the most involuntary, the most spontaneous, the least dependent on external means. The speaker needs no instrument of any sort save those agents and energies which are a part of himself. And since we have by instinct a disposition to use the organs of speech for purposes of communication, we have assumed that, like the winking of the eye or the beating of the heart, speech is an involuntary act and requires no special attention. "If you have something to say, say it and you will say it well," is a familiar admonition. Indeed, some good people have an idea that the voice is incapable of being improved by training, and can no more be altered than one's nose or the color of one's eyes. A teacher of experience and mature years once remarked to the author: "Why talk about the speaking voice? You can't change a person's voice, can you?" But the brain, too, is a part of oneself, yet no one questions whether it can be trained to obey the will. As the brain is strengthened by exercise, and the fingers of the musician made nimble by practice, so the voice, and all parts of the organism concerned in speech, may be improved and trained to act with a readiness and exactness no less remarkable than is the ability of the mind to hold itself to the solution of a problem in mathematics, or the response of the fingers to the will of the musician.

The child, by observation, imitation, and many halting and laborious attempts, learns to speak words. Eventually

he is no longer conscious of the effort, and when he has something to say, his thoughts shape themselves involuntarily into words. When, by much repetition, the habit of speech is formed, breath and voice and tongue and lips act together automatically. But if, when he reaches maturity, his speech is unpleasant or indistinct or otherwise faulty, it means that conscious attention to methods of utterance has not been kept up long enough and inaccurate speech has been allowed to pass into habit. The bad habit can be changed to good only by again making a conscious, voluntary effort to use the voice properly and to form words correctly. Nature has provided the physical means for speech, but she has left a good deal for us to do. She has not endowed us with language or released us from the necessity of learning how to speak. Man has had to create his own vocabulary of words, and he has had to acquire control of voice and tongue and lips in sounding and shaping the words he has invented. Every individual must go through this mechanical process and acquire this control for himself. So long as his speech remains awkward, crude, or indistinct, he has not mastered the art of it.

43. *Making the tone*

So far as our voices are concerned, relatively few people use them well, and few make any effort to improve them. The voice of fine native power, range, resonance, and purity is about as rare as red hair among the American Indians. A few favored people are born with good voices, some acquire good voices, and a very few have good voices thrust upon them. It is not to be marvelled at that the people of other nations comment on the bad voices of Americans. The American voice has an international reputation not altogether creditable. "I grieve to say it," remarked Dr. Holmes, "but our people, I think, have not agreeable

voices. Sharp business habits, a lean soil, independence, enterprise, and east winds, are not the best things for the larynx. Still you hear noble voices among us — I have known families famous for them — but ask the first person you meet a question, and ten to one there is a hard, sharp, metallic, matter-of-fact business clink in the accent of the answer that produces the effect of one of those bells which small tradespeople connect with their shop doors, and which springs upon the ear with such vivacity as you enter that your first impulse is to retire at once from the precincts."[1]

Possibly the neglect of vocal training may be partially attributed to the prevalent idea that it belongs to the merely ornamental accomplishments, and sensible people shrink from artificialities and conscious niceties of tone. But sensible training leads to no such affectation. The best voices are most simply and naturally used, and, while a good voice is one of the most beautiful possessions one can have, it is, at the same time, one of the most useful and contributes in no small measure to the success and effectiveness and influence of the possessor. A well-controlled and expressive voice is to the speaker or reader what a good vocabulary is to the writer. The modulations of the voice, as has been shown in our previous study, are a vital and essential part of our vocabulary, for much can be implied in tone that cannot be said in words. We remember with pleasure the rare, kindly, persuasive voice of teacher or parent or friend; and the memory lingers long after the words themselves are forgotten.

> There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> Some chord in unison with what we hear
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
>
> Cowper.

Now, were it not possible to improve the voice, there

[1] Holmes: *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

would be little use in talking about it. But every voice may be made better by proper training, and good voices may be kept good by attention and systematic exercise. The voice is sensitive even to slight discipline, especially before an individual has passed middle life, and a good deal may be done in later years to give it fullness, resonance, and flexibility.

44. *Forming words*

The production of tone is not all. Tone must be shaped into words, if spoken language is to be significant and intelligible. The process of accurately sounding the letters and syllables of words requires freedom and precision of action of tongue and lips. The control of these is acquired by use and training. Inaccurate and indistinct speech, like illegible handwriting, gives evidence of carelessness and lack of attention and discipline. As the hand is schooled to form the characters of written language clearly and gracefully, so may the word-forming organs be trained to work easily and precisely in spoken language. Most readers will remember their first laborious and not altogether elegant efforts to reproduce the beautifully slanted letters of those models of writing set at the top of the copy-book page. They will recall, too, how the copied lines, as they drew away from the model, resembled it less, and became more and more irregular and angular, until the last straggling line, begun high enough on the left, was with difficulty held from running off the lower right corner of the page.

The illustration is not inapplicable to the experience of most of us in learning to speak, though at the time it is hardly likely that we were aware of the influence of models, good, bad, or indifferent. If, as children, we were fortunate enough to hear only beautiful, distinct, and correct speech, our own efforts were perhaps not without promise. But as we came to rely more on our own copy, and were meanwhile

subjected to the influence of the confusion of tongues of our varied and extending circle of acquaintances and friends, our speech lapsed into carelessness and indifference, resulting in half-audible syllables and mumbled words which oftentimes had to be mumbled again in response to the query, "What did you say?"

Such questions are about the only training in distinctness many ever receive. We become accustomed to the sound of our own voices and our own style of utterance, and we are not aware that what is clear to us is not always intelligible to others. If we are annoyed by frequent requests to repeat our remarks, we retort: "Do you want me to shout it?" But to make audible sounds, or "a jangling noise of words unknown," is not speech. Spoken language is intelligible to the degree that its sounds are clearly enunciated.

We speak that we may be understood. This is so obvious that we are prone to forget it in our practice. If our speech is easily audible, the listener is pretty apt to be more interested in what we say than he would be if listening were difficult, for he has more energy to give to the thought we express. What Herbert Spencer says of economy of energy in written composition, applies with equal force to spoken language.

"Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged the parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deduced from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him, requires part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for realizing the thought conveyed."[1]

[1] *The Philosophy of Style.*

It behooves the reader or speaker, then, if he would command the best attention and arouse the liveliest interest, to speak in a manner that shall render listening easy and pleasing.

45. *Distinctness of speech*

Every person, not hampered by physical defects which interfere with the formation of the sounds of the language, can acquire distinctness of speech. Enunciation, articulation, and pronunciation are mechanical processes, which become second nature and habitual through practice. It sometimes happens that inaudible speech is due to insufficient volume of tone, but more often the fault is traceable to enunciation. Fine, clear diction is the reward of diligence and patient endeavor; it is a distinctive token of self-control, self respect, and culture.

Closely akin to the enunciation of sounds that make up words is the pronunciation of words themselves. Correct pronunciation is to speech what right spelling is to writing and printed language. Like spelling it is conventional and mechanical. The English of Chaucer and Shakespeare has undergone marked changes in spelling since their day, and were it to be spoken now as they heard it, few would understand. A speaker is judged by his pronunciation even more critically, by the average listener, than he is by his choice of words. A poorly-managed voice may be tolerated, but the speaker who mispronounces his words is discredited and is classed with the careless and illiterate. It is only the part of wisdom, therefore, for the speaker to seek correctness of pronunciation and to speak no word about which he is in doubt — and the doubtful word should be hunted up at the first opportunity. Eternal vigilance is the price of right pronunciation.

Voice, enunciation, articulation, and pronunciation are

the principal factors in the mechanical processes of speech. Proficiency in these is the result of observation, exercise, and carefully formed habits, habits at once pleasing, distinct, and graceful without self-consciousness or affectation. But back of mastery of the mechanics of speech is the more fundamental thing — the mastery of self. Fine speech proceeds out of fine character. Superficiality and insincerity reveal themselves in habits of enunciation and pronunciation as truly as in tones of the voice. A man is known by his manner of utterance. The individual cannot long conceal himself under external niceties of diction. Clear, simple, agreeable speech is the outgrowth of a well-ordered and disciplined mind, and of genuineness, grace, and strength of character. In the last analysis it is not fine speech itself that exerts the helpful and wholesome influence, but the mind and spirit of the individual made evident and potential in these outward forms. Good speech, like good language, tends to perpetuate itself, not merely through imitation of the speaker's manner, but because, through these visible and audible signs, something of the virtue and character of the man makes itself felt and passes to others.

"Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow,
As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.
All waits for the right voices;
Where is the practic'd and perfect organ? Where is the develop'd soul?
For I see every word utter'd thence, has deeper, sweeter new sounds, impossible on less terms.
I see brains and lips closed — tympans and temples unstruck,
Until that comes which has the quality to strike and unclose,
Until that comes which has the quality to bring forth what lies slumbering, forever ready, in all words."

Whitman: *Voices.*

CHAPTER XI

TRAINING THE VOICE

46. *Characteristics of a good voice*

THE first questions which present themselves in taking up the study of the voice are: "What, after all, do we mean by a good speaking voice?" "What are some of its characteristics?" "How may one acquire these?"

If we study the voices of different individuals we shall observe that, though the voices of no two persons sound the same, though each voice has qualities peculiar to itself, all pleasing and effective voices have certain characteristics in common. We shall find, among other things, that every person who knows how to use the voice *uses it with ease*. No matter how strong or how light the tone, it is easily made. A voice so used does not become husky or hoarse, nor does it tire or wear out with use. On the contrary, use tends to improve and strengthen it. Another thing peculiar to the good voice is *clearness, or purity*. The tone is not husky, harsh, shrill, or nasal. Again, the well-managed voice is *full and resonant*, not piping, thin, flat, or hard. Furthermore, we note that the effective speaking voice is *flexible*, that it has good range and variety of pitch, and, moreover, throughout its range the character of the tone remains the same, that is, it does not thin out or break over into another kind or quality of sound in passing from lower to higher notes, but everywhere it retains its rich, round, and full resonance. Lastly, the controlled and expressive voice is *sympathetic*. It is not hard, metallic, and unfeeling, but responsive to the moods and emotions of the possessor. These are some of the more notable characteristics of the

good speaking voice which are sought in vocal training.[1]

The following suggestions and exercises, if carefully observed and assiduously practiced, will do much, it is believed, toward securing these conditions of voice for the individual student. While good results may be attained by the student who must teach himself, the aid of a skilled teacher is highly desirable.[2]

47. *How to gain ease in tone production*

Much of the prevalent misuse of the voice is, without doubt, attributable to a misconception, held especially by those who have given little or no thought to the matter, that since tone is produced in the throat the muscles of the throat must consequently do the work. In the case of a good many speakers these muscles, assisted by the muscles of the face, actually do the work, and hard work it is, too. No better illustration of this sort of voice use is needed than that afforded by a group of students shouting at a football game or field contest. Nor is better evidence needed of the ill effect of such practice. The hoarseness, and often the temporary loss of voice experienced by students after a game, is sufficient proof of the unnatural strain put upon the voice. Many persons who use the voice much, either in public speaking or reading aloud, or even in conversation, suffer similar, though perhaps not such extreme, consequences from unnecessary muscular tension.

[1] In the program here given no technical exercises for quality or color of voice are offered for the reason that such exercises are of slight value. A sympathetic voice is an accompaniment of a sympathetic nature, and technical drills make no great demand on the sympathies and emotions. Literature which makes a strong appeal to the imagination and the spirit affords the best means of developing the sympathetic qualities of the voice. (See footnote, p. 205.)

[2] The author wishes to acknowledge his obligation to Dr. S. S. Curry, whose method of voice training, tested through a period of years in college classes, has proved sound, safe, and efficacious. Many of the exercises in this chapter have been drawn from the instruction received from Dr. Curry. For the modification of some and the addition of several others, the author alone is responsible.

Now, tone is contingent upon the breath. Without it there can be no voice. Breath is the motive power of tone. And in speaking and singing the greater part of the energy required should be used in controlling the breath. The energy is in the boiler, not in the whistle. It is to the action of the strong muscles governing breath that we must look for relief from the needless tension of the delicate muscles of larynx and throat. If the voice tires easily, or is hard, rasping, or otherwise faulty, first aid should be given to the breathing.

1. **Management of the breath.** The first thing every human being does in this world is to breathe, and he does it without knowing why or how. Breathing to sustain life is instinctive. It does itself. But, since speech is an acquired thing, we are obliged to learn how to manage the breath for speaking. With certain modifications the muscular action in breathing to promote life and to produce tone is the same. Breathing for life purposes is easy and so natural and automatic that we seldom think of it, and the control of the breath for speech should become as easy and automatic. The breath for speech should be taken in and given out in the same way as it is in the life breathing of the normal person who is unhampered by bad habits or tight clothing.

If you observe the breathing of a child, you will detect very little movement of the chest but a good deal of action at the center of the body. The diaphragm is doing most of the work. When the breath is taken in, the diaphragm contracts and draws down and there is a resultant expansion all round the middle of the body below the ribs. At the same time the short ribs low down at the sides are pushed out. When the breath is expelled, the diaphragm relaxes and the parts at the middle of the body return to their normal position. This is the case when people breathe as nature intended they should. But, unfortunately, the majority of adults

leave off breathing as they should, and manage to get along with a little shallow breathing at the top of the lungs. Perhaps this habit of superficial breathing begins in the schoolroom, where pupils are required to sit several hours a day. The sitting position, especially when one leans forward over desk or table, is not conducive to deep and normal breathing. Moreover, tight clothing, which limits action at the middle of the body, necessitates high chest breathing. When one forms the habit of shallow breathing the diaphragm becomes inactive and correspondingly weak, and, if allowed to remain idle long enough, it is reluctant to act at all when required to do so. But, possibly just for exercise and to keep itself from becoming altogether dormant, and taking advantage of times when it will not have to work very hard, it wakes up when we lie down to rest or sleep and assumes its normal action. But whatever the cause may be, almost every one breathes normally when lying at ease on the back. And everybody should breathe in the same way, that is, with the use of the diaphragm, when standing or sitting or walking. Practice the following exercises until the action of breathing when lying down is made habitual under all conditions.

Exercises in breathing

1. Lie flat on your back on the floor or a couch, place one hand at the middle of the body just below the ribs and the other on the chest, and observe the action when you inhale and exhale. If you breathe naturally, you will notice a good deal of movement at the diaphragm, and relatively little at the chest.
2. While lying flat, take your breath, hold it and mentally count five; then let the breath go. Take the breath again, hold it while silently counting ten, then exhale. Repeat the exercise, counting to fifteen. Give about one second for each count. You will note that whatever effort is made in breathing is

made when the breath is being taken in, and that with exhalation there is relaxation and a sense of relief.

3. Now stand erect, and with hands in the same position as in exercises 1 and 2, breathe as before. If the action is not the same as when you were lying down, repeat 1 and 2, then try the standing exercise again. When you are lying down watch what the actions and muscular sensations are, how *easy* the movements are; then in the standing position *let* yourself breathe just as easily and in the same way as when lying down.

   Continue these exercises until you breathe as normally when in a standing position as when lying flat. This may be accomplished with the first attempt, or it may take a week. In any event, keep trying until you breathe as you should, which means, with the action of the diaphragm.

4. After you are able to breathe well when standing, take an easy, not too full, breath, holding it for five counts; ten counts; fifteen counts; twenty counts. Be sure to relax well after each attempt. When you take breath for the higher numbers, see to it that you do not return to the high chest breathing and in so doing permit the diaphragm to quit work.

5. Take deep breathing exercises in the open air, or in a well-ventilated room, two or three times a day. Here are some.

   (*a*) With body held erect and arms hanging loosely at the sides, throw out all the breath, then inhale deeply through the nostrils and, as you do so, raise your arms at the sides, stretching them out as far as you can, and bring them well up over your head. When the hands are over your head see that the palms are up. Hold the position while you mentally count five. Drop the arms slowly, exhaling as you do so. Repeat and hold while you count ten; fifteen; twenty.

   (*b*) Manage the breath as before and bring the arms up in front, extending them well out and up. Hold and count as in the preceding exercise.

   (*c*) Place the hands at the chest with elbows held up, throw out the breath, inhale slowly, unfold the arms, and extend them out and back as far as you can. Repeat, counting silently as in (*a*) and (*b*) above.

(*d*) With hands hanging at the sides, take a deep breath, hold it firmly, bring up the hands and strike the chest rapidly and lightly. Strike well up and down and around to the sides. In taking this exercise do not hold the breath more than five or ten seconds and, if you are not used to it, do not repeat the exercises more than twice at any given time.

Exercises for ease at the throat

After you are able to control the action of the diaphragm with considerable ease, begin the following exercises.

6. Stand erect, with head easily poised, open the mouth as you do for saying "ha," take an easy breath through the mouth[1] and, without moving the jaw or tongue or throat, exhale through the mouth rather slowly, allowing a second or two for it. Repeat this three or four times to make sure that there is no action of the jaw, lips, or tongue.
7. Now take the breath, as in exercise 6, begin to exhale as before, but after the breath is well started, merge it gradually into the easiest possible tone, "ha," prolonging the sound a second. Make this tone so easily that you are not aware of any effort whatever in the throat. Do not move the tongue or jaw, but leave all muscles completely relaxed. If the tone has a hard, metallic, or rasping sound, it is not being made easily enough. Try again and again, using plenty of breath, until the tone is soft and smooth. Place the fingers on the larynx, or Adam's apple, and see that there is no tightening or lifting just as the tone begins. Repeat this exercise until you are able to blend the breath into tone without perceptible effort or action above the diaphragm.
8. Take the same exercise (number 7), but, instead of allowing breath to pass out before the tone is started, initiate the

[1] When one is speaking, most of the breathing is done through the mouth. In the act of speaking one finds it awkward to close the lips or to raise the tongue at the back to keep the air from passing through the mouth. If you wish to demonstrate this, try reading aloud or speaking several sentences, taking pains to inhale each new breath through the nostrils, and notice how unusual the action is. Many vocal exercises require mouth breathing, but let it not be understood that such breathing is encouraged when the voice is not being used. Always breathe through the nostrils when not speaking.

tone at once, keeping the same open, soft quality. Try the exercise on different pitches, beginning with the pitch you have been holding; then sound the first note above; the second above; and so on for four or five notes. Descend the scale to the original pitch. Prolong these tones two or three seconds, using a good deal of breath with free action of the diaphragm.

9. Repeat exercise 8, and, as the tone is held, gradually increase the volume. Prolong the sound five or six seconds. Try the exercise on various pitches. Do not allow the quality of the tone to change with the increasing loudness. Avoid hard or rasping sounds.

10. Observe the same conditions as in exercise 9, but, instead of making the sound "ha," begin with "hō," holding the tone as before and increasing the volume gradually, but as the volume increases slowly merge "hō" into "ȧ" (as in arm) thus, "hō-ȧ." Hold the sound six or eight seconds. Practice the exercise on various notes of the scale, but do not try extreme pitches. With the transition from "hō" to "ȧ" see that the action of the jaw, tongue, and lips is very simple and easy. Let the tongue lie quiet in the bottom of the mouth out of the way, the tip of it resting against the lower front gums, as it lies after speaking "lȧ."

11. Sing the scale from low to high notes, and back again, using the vowels but beginning the series each time with "ȧ," thus, ȧ ā ē ī ō ū. Sing them as one continuous sound, blending one into the other without interruption of the tone. In this, as in all the above exercises, see that the tone is produced with as much ease at the throat as when you were merging the breath into tone (exercise 7). The action of the tongue and jaw in forming the different vowels should be very easy and free.

2. Clearness of tone. In the foregoing set of exercises you will have noticed that the tones of your voice were not altogether clear or pure or sweet, but were somewhat breathy. Though they were easily made, too much breath was used for the production of the best kind of tone, and not all the breath which passed through the larynx was vocalized. The

purpose of this, as has been made evident, was to secure complete ease and freedom of the throat, by taking the tension away from the muscles there and putting it at the diaphragm and waist muscle where it belongs. But in the production of the best tone comparatively little breath is allowed to pass out during vocalization. Clearness and purity of voice is determined largely by the amount of breath held in reserve to support, or back up, the tone. When you are able to breathe with free action of the diaphragm, and to produce tone through a well relaxed throat, the following exercises may be undertaken: —

12. Stand in an easy upright position, with shoulders and arms relaxed and head easily poised; take a fairly full breath, hold firmly at the diaphragm, and prolong the vowel "ō" on a note of middle pitch. Hold the tone ten seconds; fifteen seconds; twenty seconds; and so on, emptying the lungs and taking a good breath after each trial. Hold the back of the hand close to the mouth when making the tone, and allow no breath to be felt blowing against it.
13. Sit, and, holding a full breath, speak "pō-pā" on a monotone, merging the first syllable into the second without interrupting the tone. Use about two seconds for the sounds. Hold back all the breath you can, and be sure that none escapes before tone is initiated. Relax and take a fresh breath after each couplet. Try the exercise on various notes of the scale. Now fill the lungs to their full capacity, have a sense of holding all you have taken, and repeat the couplet three times without replenishing the breath. Repeat on different pitches. When filling the lungs to their capacity, see to it that the shoulders are not raised or lowered. The shoulders should be held normally, never thrown back with an effort, and never allowed to rise and fall with inhalation and exhalation. Test yourself in this by repeating exercises and speaking before a mirror.
14. Hold the vowel "ō" (or "ā") as long as you can on one note. Practice the sound on all notes of the scale within your easy range. If you are not accustomed to holding the

breath, you may be unable to hold the tone more than ten or fifteen seconds, at first. Try each day to increase the time. As you gain skill in reserving breath you will be able to hold the sound much longer, perhaps for thirty or forty seconds, or even a minute, but the effort should never be carried to a point of physical discomfort.

15. Read the following stanza, making clear, pure, mellow tones, wholly free from the sound of escaping breath. Relax and replenish the breath at the end of the first and second lines, and after "beyond" in the third. Repeat the lines several times, endeavoring each time to hold the breath better than before and to make the tones purer and clearer.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

Bret Harte: *Dickens in Camp.*

16. Read the appended extract, sustaining the breath throughout each line. Speak the lines with spirit, making the tone clear, buoyant, and joyous.

Joy, joy, joy in the height and the deep;
Joy like the joy of a leaf that unfolds to the sun;
Joy like the joy of a child in the borders of sleep;
Joy like the joy of a multitude thrilled into one;
Joy, joy, joy in the deep and the height;
Joy in the holiest, joy evermore, evermore.

Richard Hovey: *The Taliesin.*

3. Resonance and fullness of tone, Voice does not issue from the larynx full-formed and complete, but, as explained in a preceding chapter (pp. 203–04), quality, fullness, and richness of tone are largely determined in the resonance chambers of the throat, the mouth, and the nasal cavities. The best tone can be produced only when all resonance chambers of throat and head are roomy and free from obstruction. An attack of tonsillitis, or a cold in the head, interferes seriously with the voice. Much of the thinness,

flatness, shrillness, and nasality, so common in our speech, is attributable to constriction and narrowness of the pharynx and the mouth. The adjustment and action of the flexible muscles and tissues of these parts are within the control of the will. The following exercises have been found useful in establishing conditions favorable to normal resonance: —

17. Hold a mirror before you, draw in a full breath through the well-opened mouth, and see whether the uvula, or pendant portion of the soft palate, is visible. Can you see the walls of the throat back of this lobe of the palate when you exhale the breath in sounding the vowel "ȧ"? If not, try saying "gȧ" two or three times with the mouth wide open. Repeat "ȧ," prolonging the tone, several times, or until you are able to lift easily the uvula from the back of the tongue, and until you can see the back of the throat plainly.
18. Prolong the sound "kōō," making the tone reverberate strongly in the upper part of the throat and the back of the mouth. Have a sense of enlarging the throat to its full capacity in sounding the tone. Sing the exercise up and down the scale, holding the tone three or four seconds.
19. Stand firmly on both feet, relax the shoulders, and let the arms hang at the sides; bend forward from the waist as far as you can, relax the muscles of the neck, and allow the head to hang down easily as far as it will go. While in this position, sound a prolonged "ōō" (as in "boom"), making the tone full and round. While holding the sound raise the body to an upright position, and, as you do so, relax the jaw, open the mouth, and merge the "ōō" into a strong "ȧ."[1]

    See that the mouth is opened enough to permit you to place two fingers, one above the other, between the teeth. Repeat

[1] This is a good exercise for overcoming nasality, which is caused by allowing too much vibration in the nasal cavities, and not enough in the mouth and upper part of the throat. For remedying this fault try, also, the following: (1) hold the nose and speak the vowel sounds; (2) hold the nose and speak words or combinations of words not containing n or m. Continue such exercises until the resonance of your ordinary speech becomes more rich and normal.

the exercise slowly two or three times. Do not continue the exercise at any one time to the point of discomfort.

20. Speak "fō-fȧ," relaxing the jaw for the latter half of the couplet so that two fingers may be placed, one above the other, between the teeth. Repeat the exercise many times and frequently until the muscles of the jaw are easily relaxed and become flexible.[1]

21. Sound the vowels ā ē ī ō ū, and open the mouth for each of them sufficiently to permit the placing of one finger between the teeth. Practice the scale in this way.

22. The tongue is sometimes an unruly and obstructive member, drawing itself back and ridging up, preventing the free, open utterance of the vowels. In forming the vowels, with possibly the exception of "ē," which is not made in the same way by all persons, the tongue should lie flat in the mouth, with the tip touching the gums of the lower front teeth, as it lies after speaking "lȧ." Try repeating "lȧ-lā-lō" with continuous tone, using the tongue quickly and easily and allowing it to lie lightly in the bottom of the mouth for each vowel. Speak the following lines slowly, opening the mouth well and keeping the tongue low and well forward for the vowels.

"Over the rolling waters go."

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea."

"I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary."

4. Range and flexibility. Variety is the life of speech as truly as it is the spice of life. A voice of good range and flexibility, capable of responding to every shade of thought,

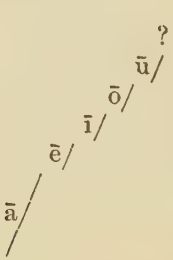
[1] The mouth may be thought of as the natural megaphone of the voice, magnifying and reinforcing the tone as it opens. To test this close the teeth and say "a" loudly; then, without interrupting the sound, open the mouth so that two fingers may be placed between the teeth and note how the volume of tone is increased. Form the habit of opening the mouth well when you speak.

is essential to pleasing and effective speech of any kind. It is often found that the monotonous voice is associated with an unmusical ear. In such cases training of the ear should accompany training of the voice. With practice and perseverance the ear of persons who cannot distinguish *Yankee Doodle* from the *Old Hundred* may be educated to a considerable degree of accuracy in recognizing the pitch of tones, and at the same time the voice may be made flexible and responsive and its range notably extended.

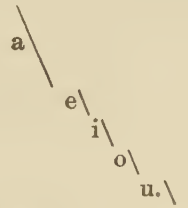
23. If the ear is not quick to catch the pitch of a tone, sound a note on the piano or other instrument, close the eyes, shut out all other impressions, and listen attentively. When the sound possesses the ear and the mind, sing "ō" and approximate as closely as you can the pitch of the voice to that of the instrument. After this tone is secured, sound the one above, then the next above that, and so on. A teacher or friend may render valuable assistance here by indicating when the voice does or does not strike the tone sounded by the instrument. This practice should be continued, at frequent intervals, over a long period of time. Concentration and perseverance in practice will do much to render the ear sensitive and true to pitch.

24. Speak the vowels in unbroken utterance, beginning low on the scale, and allowing the voice to rise through its whole range in speaking the series; begin high and descend the scale to the lowest tones.

25. Speak the vowels as before, beginning on a low note, giving the first vowel a long upward inflection and continuing the others on successive higher tones, as if asking a question, thus: —



Reverse the process, beginning high and giving a long falling inflection to the first vowel, then to the second, and so on, allowing the others to drop away to the lowest tones, as in answering a question, thus: —



26. Inflect the voice repeatedly upward from the lowest to the highest tones easily reached on the vowel "ā," thus: —

Reverse the inflection.

27. Speak words with a long, strong inflection of question, surprise and assertion, thus: —

Oh? No? Yes? Away?

Oh! No! Yes! Away! Ahoy!

28. Read aloud, with as much variety and range of inflection as you can command, the scene from *Julius Cæsar*, III, iii, problem 13, pp. 63–64.

EXERCISE IN VOICE TRAINING

The following poem affords excellent opportunity for applying in actual speech all the principles set forth in the above program of exercises. Study it carefully and read it often, endeavoring always to command that control of breath, clear tone, fullness, and resonance of voice which its thought and spirit demand.

THE RISING [1]

T. Buchanan Read

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

. . . . . .

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Pass'd 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

. . . . . .

[1] From *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies*. Copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott Company. Used with the kind permission of the publishers.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And, calmly as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.

. . . . . .

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

. . . . . .

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers

That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
  The warrior-priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
  Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty Death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
  The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
  Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
  As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "*I!*"

CHAPTER XII

ENUNCIATION AND PRONUNCIATION

48. *The elements of speech*

SPEECH is made up of vowel and consonant sounds combined to form words. Distinctness and accuracy depend, therefore, on the clear and correct enunciation of these elements.

1. **The vowels.** Vowels are the more open sounds of language. They are made by the vibration of the vocal chords, and differentiated by modification in the shape of the oral cavity, effected chiefly by the tongue and the jaw. When the vowels are well sounded there is little constriction of the tongue or jaw, their action is free and easy, and the mouth is held as far open as the character of the vowel permits. (In speaking "ȧ," for example, the jaw is dropped farther than for sounding "ē," but for both vowels the mouth is fairly well opened.)

For the correct utterance of vowels two things are essential. First, the speech organs must be properly placed for forming the sounds; second, the *sound must be made.* Since the ability to make the sounds of our language is acquired mainly through the sense of hearing, written instruction in this matter, when instruction is needed, is of doubtful value. Incorrect formation of these sounds can best be remedied by the aid of a teacher. But it is worth while here to call attention to the necessity of sounding the vowels and to suggest certain methods of improving speech in this respect.

Much of indistinctness in speech is due to carelessness

in enunciating the vowels. Often they are spoken with slight regard for their quantity, either of vocality or of time, and frequently they are not spoken at all. Every vowel, having a share in the sound of a word, should receive a definite stroke of the voice, sometimes slight, to be sure, but nevertheless audible. If all syllables were accented, it is likely that we should have little cause for saying much about the utterance of vowels. The unaccented vowels are the ones neglected.

When one speaks to a single individual, most of one's attention is given to that person, but, if others gather about to listen, the attention is directed to them also. While one member of the group may receive more attention than the rest, none is ignored. To turn one's back on one of the number would be rude and discourteous. Now, attention in the utterance of words is analogous in some respects to that given to a small group of people one is addressing. A word of one syllable, when standing alone, is usually treated with due respect, but when several syllables are combined to form a word, the less important ones receive relatively slight attention and sometimes, because of haste or thoughtlessness, none at all. No special effort to give the vowels their proper quantity is necessary in speaking such words as

call	fall	arm	note	lay
count	balm	vow	prove	pose

But when an unaccented syllable is prefixed to the word, some effort may be necessary, and the speech of many persons would be more distinct and intelligible if the effort were consistently made. Speak this next list of words with attention to the unaccented syllables, as well as to the accented.

recall′	befall′	disarm′	connote′	delay′
account′	embalm′	avow′	improve′	oppose′

Try the following words, in which two unaccented syllables precede the accented. Be careful to sound all the vowels.

disavow′	disapprove′	contradict′
misconstrue′	disappear′	intervene′

Unaccented syllables following an accented are no less subject to neglect. Sound both syllables in

voice′less	low′ly	count′ing	coun′ty	ar′my
right′ly	cit′y	in′fant	cop′ied	fan′cied
for′ty	need′y	need′ed	slight′ed	con′scious

Unstressed syllables preceding and following the accented syllable afford a good test of one's accuracy and habits of enunciation.

impor′ted	deject′ed	discours′ing	insip′id
impor′tant	arbitra′rily	volunta′rily	unques′tionable
reconcilia′tion	intelligibil′ity	intellectual′ity	fortitu′dinous

Practice the following list of words, being careful to sound all the vowels and to give to each its normal quantity. Go over the list often, until careful and accurate habits of enunciation are formed.

dis-own′	ab-stract′	al-low′	at-tract′
dis-solve′	a-bridge′	ad-vance′	di-rect′
di-vert′	ad-here′	a-dult′	al-ly′
dis-course′	re-source′	fi-nance′	pre-tense′
in-tro-duce′	in-dis-creet′	re-pre-sent′	dis-a-gree′
vol-un-teer′	mag-a-zine′	dis-con-nect′	dis-ap-point′
cir-cum-vent′	op-por-tune′	dis-con-tent′	dis-be-lieve′
cur′-rent	in′-stant	hon′-or	mu′-sic
du′-ty	con′-stant	hope′-ful	mo′-tion
beau′-ty	liq′-uor	hood′-lum	hap′-py
mis′-chie-vous	chas′-tise-ment	beau′-ti-fy	im′-po-tent
ef′-fi-gy	nu′-mer-al	im′-pi-ous	des′-ti-tute
char′-ac-ter	mem′-o-ry	max′-i-mum	gov′-ern-ment
ob′-vi-ous-ly	rep′-a-ra-ble	com′-pa-ra-ble	rev′-o-ca-ble

in-ci'-sion	dra-mat'-ic	con-duc'-tor	di-dac'-tic
de-ci'-sion	con-di'-tion	de-jec'-tion	di-lem'-ma
in-cul'-cate	in-cen'tive	pro-mo'-tion	re-liu'-quish

ar-bi-tra'-ri-ly	in-com'-pa-ra-ble	ir-rep'-a-ra-bly
ig-no-min'-i-ous-ly	ir-rev'-o-ca-bly	sub-sid'-i-a-ry
ir-re-press'-i-bly	con-ven'-tion-al-ly	vo-cab'-u-la-ry
in-di-vid'-u-al-ly	tri-an'-gu-lar-ly	nu-mer'-ic-al-ly

o-le-o-mar'-ga-rin	im-prac-ti-ca-bil'-i-ty
en-thu-si-as'-tic-al-ly	con-sti-tu-tion-al'-i-ty
un-in-tel-li-gi-bil'-i-ty	im-ma-te-ri-al'-i-ty

mis-rep-re-sen-ta'-tion
ir-re-spon-si-bil'-i-ty
mal-ad-min-is-tra'-tion

2. The consonants. Consonants are the more closed elements of spoken language. The tone, instead of being allowed to pass out freely and with considerable resonance, as in making the vowels, is more or less obstructed or temporarily held in check by the action of tongue, teeth, or lips. The position of these organs in forming the different consonants need not be explained here. Such instruction is available in the best dictionaries.

Clear, accurate, and distinct utterance of the consonants requires free and nimble action of tongue and lips. Any one may acquire this, as the pianist, by long practice, gains agile, responsive action of fingers and hands. Distinctness of speech is a matter of diligence and patient effort.

While a good deal of benefit may be derived, no doubt from the repetition of difficult and more or less artificial tongue-twisting combinations of consonants, such as "Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter," such practice is apt to result in labored and conscious effort. Since consonants are combined with vowels to form syllables, the realization of the importance of uttering all syllables,

whether stressed or unstressed, as illustrated in the list of words given above, will do much toward removing careless habits of enunciation. Tongue, teeth, and lips will be more ready to do their work when their duty is clear.

Combinations of different consonants and vowels, like da-ta, ga-ga-ga, va-la, ta-la, fa-la, po-pa, practiced rapidly and with nimble action of tongue and lips, will be found helpful as exercises for control and agility of the organs of enunciation.

3. **Pronunciation.** In closing this brief consideration of some of the technical problems of speech, a word about pronunciation is not inappropriate. While the pronunciation of our language is continually undergoing change, there is, nevertheless, a certain usage or standard of utterance in accent, and sound, and quantity of the vowels, which passes as current and cultured speech everywhere. It is hardly necessary here to urge the importance of conforming to the accepted manner of pronouncing the words of our language. That is self evident to all who have ears to hear. But it may not be amiss to offer a suggestion or two which, it may be, will prove helpful to the reader.

Persons accustomed to much silent reading are sometimes embarrassed to find, when called on to read aloud, that they are unable to pronounce certain words, familiar to their vision and clear to their understanding, but unfamiliar to the tongue or the ear. Those whose sight knowledge of language is more accurate than their ear and speech knowledge, may increase the latter and gain accuracy of pronunciation by following the practice of frequently reading aloud, and, while doing so, of taking note of all words about which doubt is felt. It is also helpful to carry a notebook in which unfamiliar words met in one's reading, as well as those pronunciations one hears during the day and is uncertain about, may be jotted down. The

pronunciation of words so listed should be looked up in the dictionary. Though authorities do not agree on the pronunciation of many common words, the dictionaries are the reliable records of current usages and should be freely consulted. About the best advice one can offer is, give attention to the language and pronunciation of agreeable speakers, watch your own speech, and when in doubt consult the dictionary.[1]

EXERCISES IN ENUNCIATION AND PRONUNCIATION

The following selections offer good general practice for distinct and correct enunciation and pronunciation: —

1. Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A death-white mist slept over sand and sea,
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear; and even on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,

[1] A useful and handy volume for reference in this connection is W. H. P. Phyfe's *12,000 Words Often Mispronounced*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Tennyson: *The Passing of Arthur.*

2. *Hamlet.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Shakespeare: *Hamlet,* III, ii.

TO TEACHERS

I. GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

EXERCISES IN EXTEMPORANEOUS AND IMPROMPTU SPEAKING

Extemporaneous and impromptu speaking will add much to the interest and effectiveness of a course in oral reading and, whenever practicable, it should be introduced as a part of the regular work. Occasional short talks will provide a pleasant change from the regular reading lesson; they will give the student the ability to think on his feet without thinking too much about them, and they will help him to relate himself easily and directly to others. "Conversation," said Emerson, "is the laboratory and work-shop of the student. The affection and sympathy help. The wish to speak to another mind assists to clear your own. Every time we say a thing in conversation we get a mechanical advantage in detaching it well."

The talks may be on subjects relating to the text assignments, such, for example, as those suggested in lessons of the program, or on topics of local or general public concern, or they may be drawn from the student's own experience. Whatever the subject, it should be one in which the student's interest is keen and fresh.

So far as possible, the principles of the chapter under discussion, or last assigned, should be observed in the speeches. Thus, the first round of talks mentioned in the program, and relating to Irving and his work, may be criticized principally for clearness of thought and expression, the second round, for principles of grouping, the third for conversational variety and directness, and so on.

Outlines of extemporaneous speeches should be carefully

prepared and handed in for criticism in matters of clearness and logical arrangement. These should be returned with suggestions for needed improvement or revision. Students should become thoroughly familiar with the revised outline, should follow it in speaking, and should speak without notes.

To write out a speech in full often helps the student to clarify his thought and to acquire a vocabulary suited to the subject, but speeches so written out should not be memorized. The student should have practice in choosing his words when standing before others. The style of speech may not be altogether elegant or smooth, but at least it will have the virtues, — which memorized speeches rarely have, — of directness, naturalness, and spontaneity.

Occasionally, at the beginning of the recitation period, the teacher may announce some subject for general impromptu discussion. The subject should be simple, of course, and one with which all members of the class are familiar. Topics relating to student affairs or to events of current local interest afford good material for such impromptu speeches.

Subjects for impromptu talks may be assigned now and then to individual students. These topics should be written on cards or slips of paper of uniform size and placed on a desk or table in front of the class. Each member of the class, when called, may draw a slip and speak for a minute or two on the subject drawn. This is a profitable exercise and never fails to arouse interest.

In the study of oral expression it should be remembered that extemporaneous speaking and reading aloud involve the same mental processes. When reading aloud is tedious and dull, a comparison between the style of speech in direct conversation and that which obtains in the reading, will result in material improvement in the reading, provided

the difference in the two styles is recognized as being the result of difference in directness and clearness of thinking. Any advantage gained in expressing one's own thought is gained for expressing the thought of the printed page when that thought is made one's own.

Notes on Problems

The problems in this *Handbook* should not be considered merely as illustrations of certain technical principles, but as means by which certain principles of expressive speech become evident when thought is clear and its significance is strongly felt. Accuracy of thought analysis of the problems will be apparent in the vocal analysis shown in the reading. The problems should not be treated as exercises for mere mechanical expertness.

Each set of problems should be studied not alone as illustrations of the principles of the particular chapter they stand under, but also as exercises in the principles of all chapters previously studied. Thus, the adequate rendering of problems in *rhythm* involves, as well, correct *grouping*, *emphasis*, and significant *pitch variation*.

The Meaning of Preparation

All illustrations and problems are to be prepared orally. Students should understand at the outset that preparation means thorough analysis of the thought of every phrase and line and such vocal preparation of every passage as shall enable the reader to render its meaning and spirit accurately and truthfully. Every assignment involves definite problems in thought and speech, and not until these problems are understood and mastered is the lesson prepared. Cursory, slip-shod reading, reading done with "the mouth open and the mind shut," should not be allowed to pass unchallenged.

Emotional Response

The most difficult problem with which the teacher of expression has to deal is how to elicit a response of imagination and emotion from the student and to get him to put life into the thought of the printed page. There is little danger that students in the classroom will overdo emotional expression. The task is to get any expression of feeling at all. The familiar direction: "Feel what you say" is simple and valid; but to secure clear thought and a just ratio between thought and emotional expression, a controlled, ready, and full response of feeling, without apathy on the one hand or exaggeration on the other, is no inconsiderable part of the teacher's work. A good deal depends on the enthusiasm of the teacher.

Knowledge of Principles

Knowledge of the principles of expressive speech, and skill in detecting the cause of faults, mannerisms, and ineffective speech, are absolutely essential for the teacher of expression. In reading aloud one often feels the inadequacy of the expression and the insufficiency of vocal powers to render all that the passage means. Every teacher has heard the explanation and apology: "I know what the line means; I feel it, but I can't say it right." But why not? There must be some reason for the difficulty. *Is* the meaning clear? *Do* you know what it means? *Do* you really *appreciate* it and feel its truth, beauty and power? Is your *desire to speak* the thought to others strong? Have you *confidence* in your ability to speak? Are you *willing* to speak it as well as you can? Or, is the voice unresponsive, weak, unable to meet the requirements of the passage? These, and numerous other questions, rise in the teacher's mind with every unsuccessful or not wholly satisfactory

effort of a pupil to express the meaning of a passage. And the development and progress of the pupil depends upon the skill with which the teacher solves the problems, discovers the difficulty, and suggests the remedy. Sometimes the discovery of the obstacle or fault is sufficient, but more often difficulties are overcome only after diligent work and long-continued practice. A knowledge of the significance of the expressive modulations of the voice is invaluable to the teacher in helping the student to overcome his faults, and to develop his expressive powers to their best capacity.

The Use of Selections "For General Reading"

The longer selections "For General Reading" found at the end of each chapter are to be read not primarily as illustrations of particular principles but for whatever message or interest they may have for the student. They should be read for themselves and with little criticism or comment on any technical matters involved. The thoughtful, spontaneous, and appreciative reading of these selections will afford opportunity for the teacher to observe what progress has been made in natural, expressive reading aloud.

The Use of Class Time

A class in oral expression should be one in which the students do most of the talking. The skillful teacher will avoid extended, time-consuming explanations and remarks. By occasional questions, and brief, pointed suggestions and criticisms, the members of the class may be kept alert and be made aware of the purposes for which they read or speak, without serious encroachment on the time of the recitation period. Four fifths of the time of the class hour should be available for actual oral work of the students themselves.

Criticism

Criticisms should rarely be made while the student is reciting. It is usually better to reserve comments until he has finished his recitation. After suggestions have been offered the recitation may be repeated at once, or the student may be given time to ponder over the criticism until his turn comes to recite again. Occasionally it may be best to interrupt a student during his reading or speech to offer some needed suggestion, but when it is evident that such interruption confuses or irritates him, the criticisms had better be left until he has finished his immediate task. The sympathetic teacher will not err in this respect.

Criticisms should be frank, fair, temperate, and kindly. The critic should endeavor to view the student's problem from the student's standpoint. Sarcasm and severe denunciation seldom avail much.

II. SUGGESTIONS REGARDING CHAPTERS

Chapter II

Grouping

Of the various expressive modulations of the voice found in conversation, change of pitch seems to be the most difficult to secure in reading aloud. Whenever reading is a mechanical rather than a thoughtful exercise, this will be the case. The student whose reading is without variety may be aided to clear thought and natural speech by closing the book and telling in his own words the gist of what he has just read. It is likely that the monotonous reader will be unable to make a very clear statement at first. Let him read the passage as many times as necessary to get its thought, and converse about it until the style of his reading approximates that of his conversation.

Chapter III

Pitch Variation

The teacher should make it clear to the student that the illustrations used in this chapter, marked or spaced to represent to the eye something of the pitch variation of the voice when it acts under the stimulus of thought, are not meant to be practiced as mechanical exercises in voice manipulation. Little good will come from an effort to make the voice follow the inflections and leaps indicated unless the idea to be expressed is held in the mind when the words are spoken. The illustrations have been given in the hope that they may help to make clear the truth that

thinking controls the action of the voice and that the voice, in turn, is an important factor in determining the meaning which the listener gains from the words he hears.

Questions so put as to make answers possible in the words of a sentence under consideration, are often helpful in bringing out the sense of the text. In the case of the line from *Julius Cæsar* (quoted on p. 61) some such questions as these may be asked: Who speaks the words? Is he one whose command the citizens would be likely to respect? What is the first thing he orders them to do? Go "hence!" Where does he tell them to go? "Home." What does he call the citizens? "Idle creatures." Not men or citizens, but "creatures!" What command does he repeat? "Get you home." Now let the student read the line as it stands. If the reading is still monotonous and mechanical, repeat the questions, and such others as suggest themselves, until the reading gives evidence that the situation and the sense of the line are understood. The question method will be found helpful in many instances when thinking is lax or the meaning of lines is not grasped. In dealing with the immature pupil especially, much depends upon the patience, sympathy, and tact of the teacher in so presenting the questions as to arouse his interest. He should not be made to feel that he is being quizzed and questioned in order to betray his ignorance, but rather that the questions are being asked of the text and that the text has the answer ready in its own words, which are there for him to use.

Chapter IV

Emphasis

The sentence quoted from *Hamlet* (p. 88) may be brought close to conversation in style of utterance when

the ideas of it are simplified and given purpose by such questions as these, which the student can answer in the words of the sentence: What are you urging some one to do? "*Speak* the speech."[1] *How* is it to be spoken? "As I *pronounced* it to you." How did you pronounce it? "*Trippingly* on the tongue."

Chapter V

Impressiveness in Speech

(*a*) Students often ask: "How shall I say this line?" The wise teacher will say, in substance at least, "As your understanding instructs you and as your honesty puts it to utterance." The teacher may instruct a student in the meaning of a piece of literature and by question, explanation, illustration, and example open his mind to it, but the student gains nothing in being relieved of the burden of doing his own thinking and analysis or by imitating another's reading of a line or stanza which he does not understand. Imitation is a doubtful way of imparting the thought or spirit of any piece of literature. The result may be curious, but it cannot be convincing.

No doubt, much of our knowledge of how to do things comes through imitation. Children learn how to form words by imitating others, but *what* they speak is determined by their own minds. There is a distinct difference between instructing a pupil in the use and control of his mind and voice and body and in showing him how to speak that which he does not understand, and the purpose of which is not clear to him. A pupil may profitably imitate another when necessary, in acquiring the use and control of his voice and body, the means by which he becomes able to act and express himself; but he gains nothing when another does his thinking and work for him.

[1] Why does not "speech" need emphasis?

(*b*) Poetry offers a greater range for the play of the imagination and emotions than most orations do, and when selections are carefully chosen it makes a more direct appeal to the interests and experience of the student, with the result that expression is more apt to be spontaneous and spirited. The occasion of the delivery of notable orations and the conditions that prompted them may be outside of the student's ken, as in the case of Burke's *Conciliation Speech*, for example, or Webster's *Reply to Hayne*. The situation and the spirit of the occasion are to be realized only by dint of considerable reading or explanation, and, even with this, rarely does a student come into a very full realization of them. Nevertheless, well chosen passages from modern orations may be effectively used, and should not be ignored. But the vocal rendering of poetry is of vital importance in training the voice for speaking.

Chapter VI

Vocal Energy

In the study of vocal energy the student should be reminded that none of the modulations, which in this chapter are considered separately, occurs by itself. Every tone has some degree of intensity, duration, and kind of stress. The analysis has been made for the purpose of offering such suggestions for practice in vocal energy as might help in acquiring control of the voice in its full range of expressive power, and in overcoming mannerisms and faulty habits of speech. Lifelessness, drawling, uniform loudness and speed, habitually abrupt and insistent stress, are all faults which practice in rendering various types of thought and emotions will help to remove. Careful study of the different problems will bring the student to a realization of the expressive significance of the modulations of vocal energy,

and his mannerisms will eventually give place to a freer, more normal expression. If speech is lifeless and drawling, let the student render thoughts that find true expression in spirited utterance; if unvaried in loudness and speed, let him practice calm and reverential selections; if habitually abrupt, insistent, and dictatorial, he should practice on lines requiring full, sustained median stress. Adaptability of mind, spirit, and voice will come by exercise in rendering thoughts and feelings quite contrary in their normal style of expression to those which are habitually voiced in manneristic utterance.

Chapter VII

Rhythm

The teacher will find many students whose habitual and characteristic rate of speech is slow or rapid, according to temperament and habit. When these peculiarities interfere with true expression, when they override the influence of the thought and spirit of what is read, they are to be treated as mannerisms. In general, such cases are most effectively handled, not by insisting that speech should be slower or more rapid, but by directing the attention of the student to the significance of the words spoken, by awakening his interest in the thought and his imagination to a vivid realization of the scene pictured or action described, and by helping him to understand, by reference to his own experience, if possible, the emotional value of what he is reading. Furthermore, he should be impressed with the fact that he reads or speaks for the purpose of conveying ideas, pictures, and feelings to others. The student will be helped in this if he is permitted to give in his own words the content of what is being read, and to describe the scene, the mood of the writer, the condition of mind and the state of feelings

of characters who speak, or who are described, or who have a place in the poem or story. Literature, of whatever form it may be, should be thought of and presented as a record of the thought and experience of living men, and not as a mere conventional arrangement of words.

Chapter VIII

Vocal Quality

In the chapter on "Vocal Quality" a brief consideration of abnormal qualities of tone has been offered rather for the purpose of explaining peculiar action and use of the voice than to encourage students in an extended practice of impure qualities as such. The student's first effort should be given to the acquisition of a free, natural use of the vocal instrument. Whenever, in the oral rendering of literature, it becomes necessary to express such thoughts and emotions as demand extraordinary use of the voice, the student will do well to give his attention to the sense and spirit of the lines rather than to a conscious effort to acquire a peculiar style of utterance. This suggestion applies with equal force to the study of all phases of reading aloud. The reader is not an actor. It is the reader's duty to suggest rather than portray character. If the voice is obedient, extreme and abnormal emotions, when they are understood and felt, will be intimated in tone quality and that is all that should be attempted. The harshness of Shylock's character will make itself evident in the voice. The demands made upon the actor, however, are more severe. He must *be* and *live* the character before the audience. For him the command of all abnormal qualities of voice is necessary. If, for example, he enact Adam, in *As You Like It*, he must assume a voice suited to that aged character, a voice thin, tremulous, weak. In the portrayal of such eccentric

individuals as the Gobbos of the *Merchant of Venice*, he may seek humorous effects in a voice which breaks from an ordinary key and pitch into high falsetto and piping tones. The reader may give a hint of these peculiarities, but no more than that. The acquisition of a voice suited to the realistic portrayal of eccentric characters, or to the occasional intense and abnormal emotions of normal men, such as Macbeth and Brutus, is partly a matter of imitation and experiment and partly of sympathetic adaptation to the attitude of mind and mood of the individual under certain conditions. One who has witnessed a good actor in the scene where the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus in his tent at night will readily understand this. The sympathetic reader may suggest the surprise, bewilderment, and alarm of Brutus; the actor must do more. He must give full utterance and action to these emotions. For the time he must *live* Brutus. Since this phase of expression is concerned more with the art of the actor than with that of the reader, it has not been deemed desirable to devote more space than has already been given in the text to a discussion of abnormal qualities of voice.

Chapter IX

The Music of Speech

The difficulty of teaching the melody of speech is obvious. Indeed, strictly speaking, it cannot be taught. Only as taste, appreciation, and musical sense are educated, will musical qualities appear in speech. The teacher may do much toward educating spiritual responsiveness and training the inner ear in the natural melody of speech by sympathetic vocal rendering of musical verse and prose. The need of such education is as great as are the difficulties it presents.

Chapter X

Technical Principles of Speech

That so little attention is paid to the use of the voice, in either our homes or our schools, is a deplorable deficiency in our education. Our children may speak in piping, shrill, rasping tones, and may go on speaking that way until they reach maturity, and little is said or done about it. A lamentable feature is that there appears to be little likelihood of improvement with the next generation. The young are inheritors of our vocal delinquencies. They learn to pitch and manage their voices largely by imitating their elders and their associates, and we are passing on to them, not only our bad habits, but also our indifference to the value and charm of well modulated speech. Were our children to hear better voices in home and school, the next generation would not incur the censure of cultured people of other nations who value excellent speech more than we do.

Though it may not be possible, under existing conditions in our schools, to carry out any very extended program of voice work, something at least should be done in connection with reading lessons, and possibly with certain classes in English, to help the student to a better knowledge of the use of his own voice, and to render him more sensitive to the difference between well-used and badly-used voices.

Chapter XI

Training the Voice

Whenever practicable, a few minutes should be devoted to vocal and breathing exercises throughout the course, preferably at the beginning of the recitation period. If five or ten minutes are spent on vocal drill in alternate class hours,

the interest may be sustained better than when the drills are insisted on at every recitation. The various breathing exercises and vocal drills should be reviewed at frequent intervals. Good use of voice does not depend on a great number of exercises but on a few thoroughly mastered and persistently practiced.

The teacher should take the exercises with the students and should have them so well in mind that no reference to the text is necessary.

Chapter XII

Enunciation and Pronunciation

Even though the classroom may afford but a limited opportunity for vocal training, this objection does not hold against practice for the attainment of clear and pleasing enunciation. Every recitation and reading lesson offers occasion for some kind of discipline in careful speech. Instead of the familiar admonition, "Speak a little louder, please," the student, whose speech is faulty and indistinct, should have the difficulty and the remedy pointed out to him. If vowels or consonants are inaccurately formed, the aid of a teacher is more valuable than printed directions. Showing the student how the organs of speech are placed for making certain sounds, like *l* or *r*, when this instruction is coupled with practice in making the sounds, is usually productive of good results. Habits of correct and distinct speech are acquired only by persistent effort.

III. PROGRAM OF RECITATIONS AND ASSIGNMENTS

In offering the following program the author does not assume that it is adapted to all circumstances and conditions. Perhaps few teachers will find strict adherence to the plan here outlined practicable. The time devoted to the subject, the size and character of the class, the teacher's own views and purposes, are all factors in determining the method of conducting the work and the nature and the length of assignments. The program has been prepared in the hope that it may afford suggestions and help the teacher in planning the work of a class in oral reading meeting twice a week throughout the year.

Possibly the program will prove valuable chiefly in showing that lessons in expressive reading and speech may be assigned with as much definiteness as in any other subject and that the *Handbook* contains plenty of material for a full year's course.

Some assignments may prove to be too long for certain classes. If the assignment is concerned with problems in reading and involves too much work, time may be saved and better preparation insured by apportioning certain problems to different members or sections of the class. Whenever the program does not seem to be suited to a particular case or class, the teacher should follow the needs and best interest of the students, not the program.

Occasional papers in which problems and selections are analyzed, paraphrased, or criticized, and certain principles and chapters are discussed, may be found worth while. Such assignments have been sparingly made in the pro-

gram, since the need of them and their character and frequency, will depend largely on the conditions under which the work is carried on.

No mention of conferences has been made for the reason that provision for them is wholly optional with the teacher. But whenever possible, personal conferences with students should be arranged for as frequently as conditions and time permit. Such conferences should be devoted principally to breathing and voice, especially in the early part of the course, and to such problems and exercises in reading aloud as, in the judgment of the teacher, are suited to the needs of the individual and will best serve to strengthen him at his weak points and help him to overcome faults and mannerisms.

Breathing and vocal exercises should also form a part of the class work whenever practicable. Assignments, covering Part III of the *Handbook*, have been included in the program. Five or ten minutes should be given to vocal exercises in concert, preferably at the beginning of the recitation period of alternate meetings.

Principles involved in the assignment of problems in the program are referred to by sections.

Introduction

1. *Recitation:* The instructor explains briefly the nature and purpose of the work. An interesting narrative, not too difficult for sight reading, may be provided for reading aloud, each student being called on to read twenty lines or more at sight. Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (pp. 23–29) affords good material for such exercise. If preferred, the instructor may occupy the hour in reading to the class.

   Assignment: Study the Introduction (pp. 1–11) and write a brief synopsis of it to be handed in at the next meeting. Prepare one or two minute talks on some topic relating to oral expression suggested by the Introduction.

2. *Recitation:* Brief talks on Introduction, followed by general discussion. Continue sight reading.

Assignment: Twenty-five or thirty lines, selected by the student from a favorite story, to be read aloud before the class, the reading to be preceded by a brief account of the author, the story, and such explanation as may be necessary to make the reading clear and interesting. See sections 2, 3 (pp. 16–17).

3. *Recitation:* Readings with introductory comments. Students should stand before the class for this work.

Assignment: Study Chapter I (pp. 15–23) and be prepared to discuss in brief talks any of the sections of the chapter. Bring sentences illustrating change in meaning brought about by change in the manner of speaking sentences (section 1, pp. 15–16). Also bring sentences showing how the intended meaning may be perverted by wrong utterance (section 4, pp. 18–21).

Chapter I

4. *Recitation:* Brief talks on Chapter I, and general discussion. Read sentences illustrating effect of utterance on their meaning.

Assignment: Certain members of class to prepare short talks on topics relating to life and work of Irving: e.g. (1) an account of his life; (2) the time in which he lived; (3) his interests; (4) his publications; (5) a personal description of him. Members to whom no topics are assigned prepare orally the adaptation of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (pp. 23–29) for class reading.

5. *Recitation:* Talks on Irving. Reading from the *Legend.* In the reading the student may assume that the story is his own and that he is telling it to a group of friends.

Assignment: Review sections 3, 4, 5, 6 (pp. 17–23) and apply the suggestions to the further oral study of the *Legend.* (Preparation should be so thorough as to enable the students to read the lines with conversational naturalness and directness and with eyes frequently lifted from the book.) Study Chapter X, sections 42, 43 (pp. 281–85) and write a brief summary of it to hand in.

6. *Recitation:* Ten-minute discussion of Chapter X, section 42, 43. Finish reading the *Legend.* Impromptu discussion of the story for elements of interest, style, humor, imagery, characters.

Assignment: Study Chapter II (pp. 30–37). Practice aloud all illustrations and be prepared to explain the phases of the subject they illustrate. Study Chapter XI, sections 46, 47, 1, (pp. 289–92). Practice at home breathing exercises 1, 2, 3 (pp. 292–93).

Chapter II

7. *Recitation:* Five minutes for breathing exercises 5, *a*, *b* (p. 293). Discussion of Chapter II followed by reading of illustrations.

Assignment: Bring passages from prose or poetry illustrating lack of correspondence between punctuation and grouping. These should be written out to hand in. Prepare problems 1–16 (pp. 37–40), guarding against the danger of being misled by punctuation marks or the lack of them. (Section 8, 2, 3, pp. 33–37.)

8. *Recitation:* Five minutes for breathing exercise 4 (p. 293). Reading of passages illustrating lack of coincidence of punctuation and pauses for thought, followed by reading and discussion of problems 1–16.

Assignment: Prepare problems 17–21 with special attention to change of pitch between ideas and images (section 7, 2, p. 31). Memorize problems 19 and 20.

9. *Recitation:* Five minutes for deep breathing exercises, 5, (pp. 293–94). Reading and discussion of problems 17–21, with particular emphasis on change of pitch and conversational variety.

Assignment: Prepare problems 22–25. Give attention to smoothness of utterance of words within groups (section 7, 3, pp. 32–33) and to regular, easy taking of breath at pauses. (Section 8, 1, pp. 33–34.)

10. *Recitation:* Five minutes for general breathing exercises. Reading and discussion of problems 22–25, with particular attention to coördination of thinking and breathing.

Assignment: Prepare problems 26–27 for clear, spirited

utterance of the thought. Memorize *The Fool's Prayer* (problem 26).

11. *Recitation:* Read problems 26–27 with little or no reference to principles of grouping mentioned in text but with entire attention given to expression of the thought of the selections.

Assignment: Study Chapter III (pp. 51–61). Practice aloud all examples until the principle they illustrate is revealed in the reading. Be prepared to explain the different sections of the chapter.

Chapter III

12. *Recitation:* Five minutes for deep breathing exercises. Recitation on Chapter III with reading of illustrations given in text.

Assignment: Prepare orally problems 1–13. Students to bring in sentences of their own choosing to illustrate relative word values. (Section 11, pp. 53–55.) These may be written out to be handed in, with change of pitch and inflection indicated as in text. Study vocal exercises 6, 7, 8, (pp. 294–95).

13. *Recitation:* Ten minutes for vocal exercises (6, 7, 8). Reading and discussion of problems 1–13, followed by reading of illustrations selected by students.

Assignment: Prepare orally problems 14–24. Bring sentences, written out, to illustrate phrase and clause relations (section 12, pp. 55–57). Study vocal exercises 9, 10 (p. 295).

14. *Recitation:* Ten minutes for deep breathing and exercises 9, 10. Reading and discussion of problems 14–24, followed by reading of illustrations selected by students.

Assignment: Prepare orally problems 25–34. Bring sentences, written out to hand in, illustrating subordination; also examples of clauses interrupted by subordinate or explanatory phrases (section 13, pp. 57–59). Practice vocal exercise 11 (p. 295).

15. *Recitation:* Five to ten minutes for vocal exercise 11. Reading of problems 25–34 with discussion, followed by illustrations selected by students.

Assignment: Prepare orally problems 35–42. Bring in sentences illustrating contrast and comparison. (Section 14, pp. 59–60.)

16 *Recitation:* Five to ten minutes in review of vocal exercises for ease of the throat (pp. 294–95). Reading of problems 35–42 and of illustrations selected by students.

Assignment: Prepare orally the adaptation of *The Man Without a Country* (problem 43,) for general class reading. Read paragraph on clearness of tone and practice vocal exercises 12 and 13 (pp. 295–96).

17. *Recitation:* Five to ten minutes for deep breathing and vocal exercises 12 and 13. Reading of *The Man Without a Country.* This to be read, not as an example of any principle explained in the chapter, but with attention wholly to the thought.

Assignment: Study Chapter IV (pp. 83–88). Practice the illustrations and be prepared to explain the principles they illustrate. Prepare outline of five-minute talks on subjects of local or current public interest, — these to be handed in at the next meeting.

Chapter IV

18. *Recitation:* Discussion of Chapter IV, with reading of illustrations given in text. Speech outlines to be returned with criticisms on subject-matter and organization.

Assignment: Speech outlines to be revised if necessary, and speeches to be prepared for next meeting.

19. *Recitation:* Five-minute talks without notes, particular attention being given to pitch variation and conversational directness.

Assignment: Write a paper on the relation of conversation and reading aloud.

20. *Recitation:* Five-minute talks continued.

Assignment: Prepare problems 1–20 with special attention to the clear expression of meaning by well centered emphasis. First, read the problems aloud and note how ideas are made clear by inflection and change of pitch; read them again and observe prolongation of emphatic vowels; read them once more for examples of emphasis by pause.

Bring sentences, written out, illustrating emphasis by pause (section 17, 1, p. 84). Practice vocal exercises 14, 15, 16 (pp. 296–97).

21. Ten minutes for vocal exercises 14, 15, 16. Reading and discussion of problems 1–20. Read also sentences chosen by students to illustrate emphatic pause.

Assignment: Prepare problems 21–27 as in previous assignment.

22. *Recitation:* Ten minutes for all vocal exercises for clearness of tone (pp. 296–97). Reading and discussion of problems 21–27.

Assignment: Prepare *The Gift of the Magi* (problem 28) for general class reading.

23. *Recitation:* Ten minutes for general vocal exercises. Reading of *The Gift of the Magi* for naturalness and enjoyment and with no reference to technical problems involved.

Assignment: Review Chapters I–IV and prepare a paper on the influence of thought on utterance. Prepare to relate in your own words an incident regarding an inappropriate Christmas gift.

24. *Recitation:* Talks on Christmas gifts.

Assignment: Study Chapter V, and be prepared to speak briefly on any section of it. Bring ten or fifteen lines from some stirring poem, story, or oration, and a few lines from some matter-of-fact exposition, to read to the class. Explain differences in the style of reading the two selections.

Chapter V

25. *Recitation:* Brief talks on Chapter V followed by general discussion and the reading of selections made by students to illustrate emotional and unemotional utterance.

Assignment: Select and prepare orally some short, strong poem, or stirring portion of an oration or story, for class reading. Study paragraph on resonance and fullness of tone (pp. 297–98) and try vocal exercises 17–18.

26. *Recitation:* Discussion of resonance and practice of vocal exercises 18. Reading of spirited selections.

Assignment: Prepare orally the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

(pp. 116–23). Write a paper showing the difference in spirit between this part of the story and that given in Chapter I, and explain any difference in the reading of the two parts.

27. *Recitation:* Exercises in deep breathing; repeat 18. Reading of the *Legend* for vividness, atmosphere, and mood.

Assignment: Prepare to recount some narrow escape or some exciting or amusing personal experience. Study and practice vocal exercises 19–20 (pp. 298–99).

28. *Recitation:* Vocal exercises 19–20. Short talks on personal experiences.

Assignment: Study Chapter VI and prepare the examples so that the reading of them illustrates the principles they represent.

Chapter VI

29. *Recitation:* Discussion of Chapter VI and reading of illustrative selections.

Assignment: Study problems 1–6 and be ready to explain why the tone varies in intensity in reading the different selections. (Section 28, pp. 124–29.) Begin memorizing problems 2, 3, 7, 9. Practice vocal exercises 21–22 (p. 299).

30. *Recitation:* Vocal exercises 21–22. Reading aloud and discussion of problems 1–6, for vocal energy and intensity without undue loudness.

Assignment: Study problems 7–9. Finish memorizing 2, 3, 7, 9.

31. *Recitation:* Reading of problem 8 and recitation of memorized selections for intensity and impressiveness of utterance.

Assignment: Study problems 10–12 (section 28, 1, *b*, p 127). Memorize problem 10.

32. *Recitation:* Review exercises for resonance (pp. 298–99) Reading of problems 10–12 for quiet, resonant and feeling utterance.

Assignment: Study problem 13 for conversational expression. (Section 28, 1, *c*, pp. 127–28.) Prepare a short talk telling how some machine is made, or some particular kind of work is done. Study paragraph on range and flexibility and practice exercise 23 (pp. 299–300).

33. *Recitation:* Discussion of flexibility of voice, and testing of sensitiveness of ear to pitch changes. Reading of problem 13 for conversational naturalness and energy, followed by short expository talks.

Assignment: Study problems 14–19 (section 28, 1, *d*, p. 128). Begin memorizing 19. Practice vocal exercises 24–25 (pp. 300–01). Spend ten minutes on them.

34. *Recitation:* Vocal exercises 24–25. Finish short talks and read problems 14–19. Write out 19 from memory.

Assignment: Study problems 20–24 (section 28, 3, *a*, *b*, pp. 131–33). Memorize problem 20. Try vocal exercises 26–27 (p. 301).

35. *Recitation:* Vocal exercises 26–27. Reading of problems 20–24. Write out 20 from memory.

Assignment: Study problems 25–26 (section 28, 3, *c*, pp. 133–34). Underline words in which the stress is particularly marked. Bring illustrations, chosen outside the text, and written out, of median and final stress. Underline words on which the stress is most noticeable.

36. *Recitation:* Reading of problems 25–26, and of examples of median and final stress brought in by students.

Assignment: Study selection from *The Christmas Carol* (problem 27). Begin memorizing *At the End of the Day* (problem 28). Practice vocal exercise 28. (See problem 13, p. 63.)

37. *Recitation:* Practice vocal exercise 28 (problem 13, p. 63). Reading of selection from *The Christmas Carol* for enjoyment and spontaneous expression with little or no reference to any technical matters involved.

Assignment: Continue study of selection from *The Christmas Carol* and finish memorizing *At the End of the Day.*

38. *Recitation:* Review vocal exercises for flexibility (pp. 300–01). Finish reading problem 27. Class write *At the End of the Day* from memory, after which several members may recite the poem to the class.

Assignment: Study Chapter VII to section 33 (pp. 161–71). Prepare orally all examples so that the point of the section they stand under will be illustrated in the reading.

Chapter VII

39. *Recitation:* Discussion of portion of Chapter VII assigned and reading of examples.

Assignment: Finish Chapter VII, prepare the examples given in the text, and bring written illustrations, chosen outside the text, of fast, medium, and slow time.

40. *Recitation:* Practice in concert the first two stanzas of *The Rising* (p. 302) for rhythmic breathing, purity, resonance, and fullness of tone. Continue discussion of Chapter VII. Reading of examples in text and of illustrations brought by students.

Assignment: Study problems 1–4 (section 31, 1, p. 162.) Prepare a short paper explaining the difference between rhythmic beat and emphasis, in reading prose and poetry.

41. *Recitation:* Reading of problems 1–4.

Assignment: Study problems 5–14 (section 32, pp. 163–69). Bring illustrations, written out to hand in, of regular and irregular verse. Memorize problems 10, 12, 13, 14.

42. *Recitation:* Practice in concert stanzas three and four of *The Rising* (p. 302) for pure tone and quiet, resonant utterance. Reading of problems 5–14.

Assignment: Prepare problems 15–21 (section 32, 2, pp. 169–71). Bring in illustrations, written out, of "run on" lines, and explain briefly in the same paper how the reading of "run on" lines differs from that of "end stopt," or regular, lines.

43. *Recitation:* Reading of problems 15–21. Recitation by certain members of the class of problems 10, 12, 13, 14.

Assignment: Prepare problems 22–26 (section 33, 1, p. 173). Memorize the *Recessional* (problem 26).

44. *Recitation:* Practice in concert stanzas five and six of *The Rising*, (p. 303) for sustained tone, variety in pitch, and time. Reading of problems 22–26. Continue recitation of problems 10, 12, 13, 14.

Assignment: Study problems 27–36 (section 33, 2, 3, pp. 174–75).

45. *Recitation:* Reading of problems 27–36. Write out the

Recessional from memory; follow with recitation of the poem by certain members of the class.

Assignment: Study *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* (problem 37).

46. *Recitation:* Reading of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* for enjoyment and spirited utterance of the poem and with little or no discussion of rhythm or of technical problems involved.

Assignment: Each student to prepare a short talk on some legend, such, for example, as *The Pied Piper* is based upon.

47. *Recitation:* Finish reading *The Pied Piper* and begin talks on legends.

Assignment: Review orally all memorized problems in Chapter VII.

48. *Recitation:* Finish talks on legends. Recitation of memorized problems of chapter.

Assignment: Study Chapter VIII. Prepare all examples and be ready to explain the principles they illustrate.

Chapter VIII

49. *Recitation:* Practice in concert stanzas seven and eight of *The Rising* for breath control, energy, rhythm, and vocal quality. Discussion of Chapter VIII with reading of examples. The recitation may take the form of short extemporaneous talks on the various sections and topics of the chapter.

Assignment: Prepare problems 1–5 (sections 38, 1, 1, 2, pp. 206–09). Begin memorizing *Columbus* (problem 6).

50. *Recitation:* Practice in concert the last three stanzas of *The Rising*. Reading of problems 1–5.

Assignment: Prepare problems 7–9 (section 38, 1, 3, pp. 209–10). Finish memorizing *Columbus*.

51. *Recitation:* Reading of problems 7–9. *Columbus* written out from memory. Several members of class called to recite the poem.

Assignment: Prepare problems 10–13 (section 38, 1, 4, p. 210). Study sections 44, 45 (pp. 285–88) and 48 (p. 305).

52. *Recitation:* Discussion of sections 44, 45, 48. Reading of problems 10–13.

Assignment: Prepare problems 14–16 (section 38, 2, pp. 211–13). Students not familiar with *Macbeth* should read the play in preparation for the scenes from it. Practice pronouncing the words listed under section 48, 1.

53. *Recitation:* Practice, in concert, the words listed under 48, 1. Reading of problems 14–16. Parts may be assigned for problems 15 and 16.

Assignment: Prepare the scene from *The Rivals* (problem 17). Several members of the class may prepare five-minute talks on subjects relating to Sheridan, e.g. (1) a brief account of his life; (2) his plays; (3) his other activities; (4) characters in *The Rivals.*

54. *Recitation:* Short talks on Sheridan and his work. Reading of scene from *The Rivals.* Parts may be assigned, if practicable, and the scene enacted several times by different members of the class.

Assignment: Study Chapter IX, prepare examples so that the principles they illustrate will be evident in the reading. Bring list of words, written out to hand in, offering some difficulty and requiring care in enunciation.

Chapter IX

55. *Recitation:* Discussion of lists of words submitted as exercises in enunciation. Recitation on Chapter IX with reading of examples and discussion of them in relation to the principles they illustrate.

Assignment: Prepare problems 1–3 (section 40, 2, 3, pp. 241–48). Write a synopsis of some poem and be prepared to read the synopsis and the poem to illustrate the difference between unemotional and emotional speech.

56. *Recitation:* Reading of problems 1–3 and illustrations brought by members of the class.

Assignment: Prepare problems 4–6 (section 40, 1, *c*, p. 239). Bring prose selection of about ten lines as an exercise in enunciation, giving particular attention to section 48, 2, p. 308.)

57. *Recitation:* Exercises in action of tongue and lips, with reading of lines brought by individual students as exercises in enunciation. Reading of problems 4–6. Parts for scene

from *Henry IV* (problem 6) may be assigned. If practicable the scene may be repeated by different members of the class.

Assignment: Study problems 7–11. Memorize lines from *The Merchant of Venice* (problem 10). Read section 48, 3, and bring list of words commonly mispronounced with incorrect and correct pronunciation indicated.

58. *Recitation:* Read, in concert, the lines from *The Passing of Arthur* (pp. 310–11). Reading of problems 7–11. Problem 10 to be written out in class from memory. Several members called on to recite the lines to the class.

Assignment: Prepare problems 12–13. Memorize *The Burial of Moses* (problem 13).

59. *Recitation:* Discussion of lists of words commonly mispronounced. Reading of problems 12–13, with special attention to grandeur of imagery and the expression of it in tone and time. Members of class called on to recite from memory different stanzas of *The Burial of Moses.*

Assignment: Prepare problems 14–16 (section 40, 2, pp. 241–44). Bring, written out to hand in, a list of words heard mispronounced within the last twenty-four hours.

60. *Recitation:* Reading of problems 14–16.

Assignment: Prepare problems 17–19 (section 40, 3, pp. 244–48). Memorize *For A' That* (problem 19).

61. *Recitation:* Read in concert the lines from *Hamlet* (p. 311) for distinctness and correctness. Reading of problems 17–19, with particular attention to sustained tone and firm, dignified, inflectional emphasis. Members of class called on to recite from memory different stanzas of *For A' That.*

Assignment: Prepare *The Legend Beautiful* (problem 20).

62. *Recitation:* Review of essential principles of good tone and clear speech. Reading of *The Legend Beautiful.*

Assignment: Prepare for recitation before class some selection memorized during the course.

63. *Recitation:* Recitation of memorized selections.

Assignment: Review of text.

64. *Recitation:* Examination.

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